

MACABRE TALES TO BLOW YOUR MIND!

# PSYCHO

47357  
NO 8  
SEPT  
1972  
60¢



T.M.

A SKYWALD PUBLICATION

SCOURGE OF THE  
**DEVIL'S  
WOMAN**



A CHAMBER OF  
**CHILLS**  
AWAITS YOU  
IN THIS  
**TERROR TAUT**  
ISSUE!



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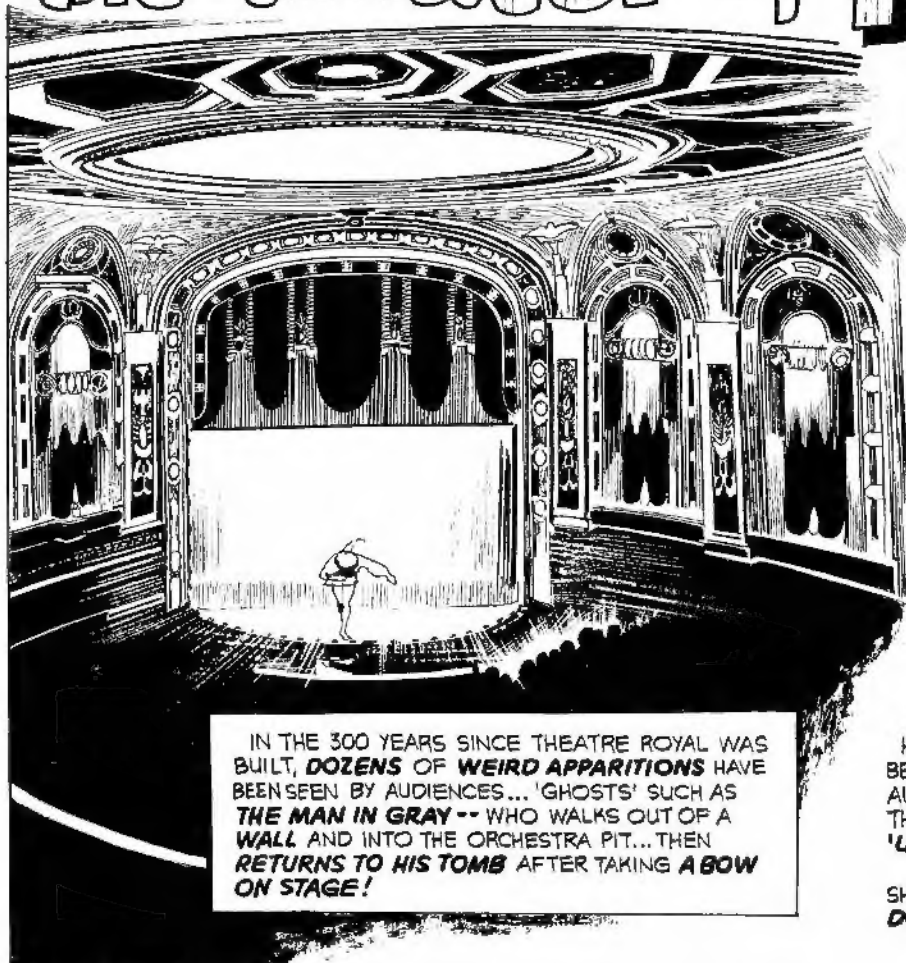
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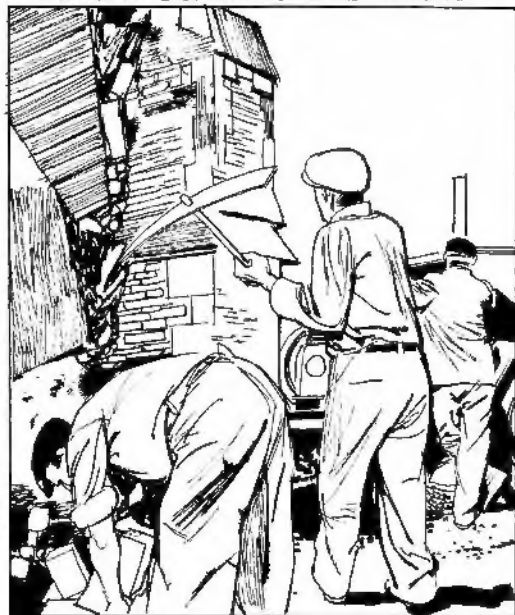
DRURY LANE, LONDON -- A STREET **WORLD FAMOUS** FOR ITS THEATRE ROYAL...

# the theater of **HORROR**

--PSYCHO SUPERNATURAL SERIES--



IN THE 300 YEARS SINCE THEATRE ROYAL WAS BUILT, **DOZENS** OF **WEIRD APPARITIONS** HAVE BEEN SEEN BY AUDIENCES... 'GHOSTS' SUCH AS **THE MAN IN GRAY** -- WHO WALKS OUT OF A **WALL** AND INTO THE ORCHESTRA PIT... THEN **RETURNS TO HIS TOMB** AFTER TAKING A **BOW ON STAGE!**



HIS APPEARANCES DURING PERFORMANCES BECAME SO **REGULAR** THAT IN THE 1930'S AUDIENCES BECAME **ANGRY** AND DEMANDED THE MANAGEMENT SOMEHOW **REMOVE** THE '**UNWANTED ACTOR**' FROM THE THEATER...  
...SO THE **WALL** IN WHICH THE SHAKESPEAREAN HAM 'LIVED' WAS **TORN DOWN!**

DOMINGO AND HEWETSON



THEY DISCOVERED A **SKELETON** WITHIN-- OF AN **UNKNOWN ACTOR** IN RAGGED COSTUME... WITH A **DAGGER** THRUST BETWEEN HIS RIBS! THE BODY WAS THEN **REMOVED** FROM THE THEATER AND **BURIED**...  
... **SINCE THAT DAY**... OVER 35 YEARS AGO... THE '**MAN IN GRAY**' HAS NEVER APPEARED ON STAGE **AGAIN**...  
...**PROOF**... IF YOU NEED IT, FACT FIEND, OF **HORRORS FROM BEYOND**...

# PSYCHO

VOL. 1 NO. 8 SEPTEMBER 1972

PSYCHO 8 STARTS HERE, WHERE THE MIND BEGINS TO BOGGLE AND WONDER AND SLIDE OVER CONTENTS SOMETIMES SANE AND SOMETIMES NOT... HERE IS WHERE THE MANIACAL MIRACLES ARE ANNOUNCED AND PRONOUNCED READY FOR YOUR CONSUMPTION... NOW... MAY WE SUGGEST YOU QUIET YOUR SCREAMING WITHINS... FOR ANOTHER WORLD IS ABOUT TO ENTER YOU...

Publisher: **ISRAEL WALDMAN**

Editor: **ALAN HEWETSON**

Business Manager: **HERSCHEL WALDMAN**

## PRESENTING THIS PLEASURE PACKAGE OF ODDLY GATHERED GOODIES

- 4—A GARGOYLE — A MAN! Two things cry their names as nature nurtures this utter primer to life itself when two beings of stone battle the brittle beast 'Y'...
- 14—A THOUSAND FACES OF ULTIMATE HORROR! In the photo presentation, SCREAM SCREEN conspires to relive the mighty memorable madness of man-macabre LON CHANEY SR.

18—Our cover story... SCOURGE OF THE DEVIL'S WOMAN... jaunts horribly into the never-ever nightmare scene of quieted COMPOUND EVIL!

30—HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE BLACK RAIN? Dabbling in Satan-calling, one called Queen Anne the Beautiful plucks at the horrid pendulum with fingers dripping of BLOOD!

39—THE FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE OF VODOO starts on the underside of the world and winds up devouring the earth on ALL FOURS!

50—BAD CHOKE curses graveyard corpses in a tale which delightfully devours your every definition of murder, mayhem and, maybe, mockery!

57—CITY OF CRYPTS! Buried beneath seering sands of Egypt a black, forgotten cavity called a city contains creeping unknown quantities whose every reason for being is EVIL!

This proud macabre gathering of gargoyles, crypts, black raindrops, thousands of faces, and filthy little houses; destined we hope — to rock your primal spinal, eagerly awaits you to turn the page to where the freaky fun of this issue REALLY BEGINS...

TO SHRIEK... AT  
YOUR  
HORROR-MOOD...



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IF YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A **BLOCKBUSTER**--  
THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY **IT!**  
THE MOST MACABRE CHARACTERS YOU WILL **EVER**  
KNOW-- THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF **EDWARD AND**  
**MINA SARTYROS**... HALF BIRD-- HALF **STONE**...  
HALF HUMAN-- HALF **DEMONIC**... BROUGHT TO YOU  
BY **THE HOUSE OF SKYWALD** AS THE MOST  
**EXPLOSIVE** NEW CHARACTERS OF **THE YEAR!**

MANY HAVE TRIED TO DEFINE **LIFE**--MEN OF **SCIENCE**...  
MEN OF **GOD**... THE **ANSWERS** THEY COME UP WITH ARE  
**ENDLESS** IN VARIATION-- IF THEY PROVE ANYTHING AT  
**ALL** IT'S THAT THERE ARE **NO ANSWERS**...  
DO NOT BE **SURPRISED** THEN-- AT THE DARK WONDER  
OF THE MACABRE **CREATION** THAT FOLLOWS...  
...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

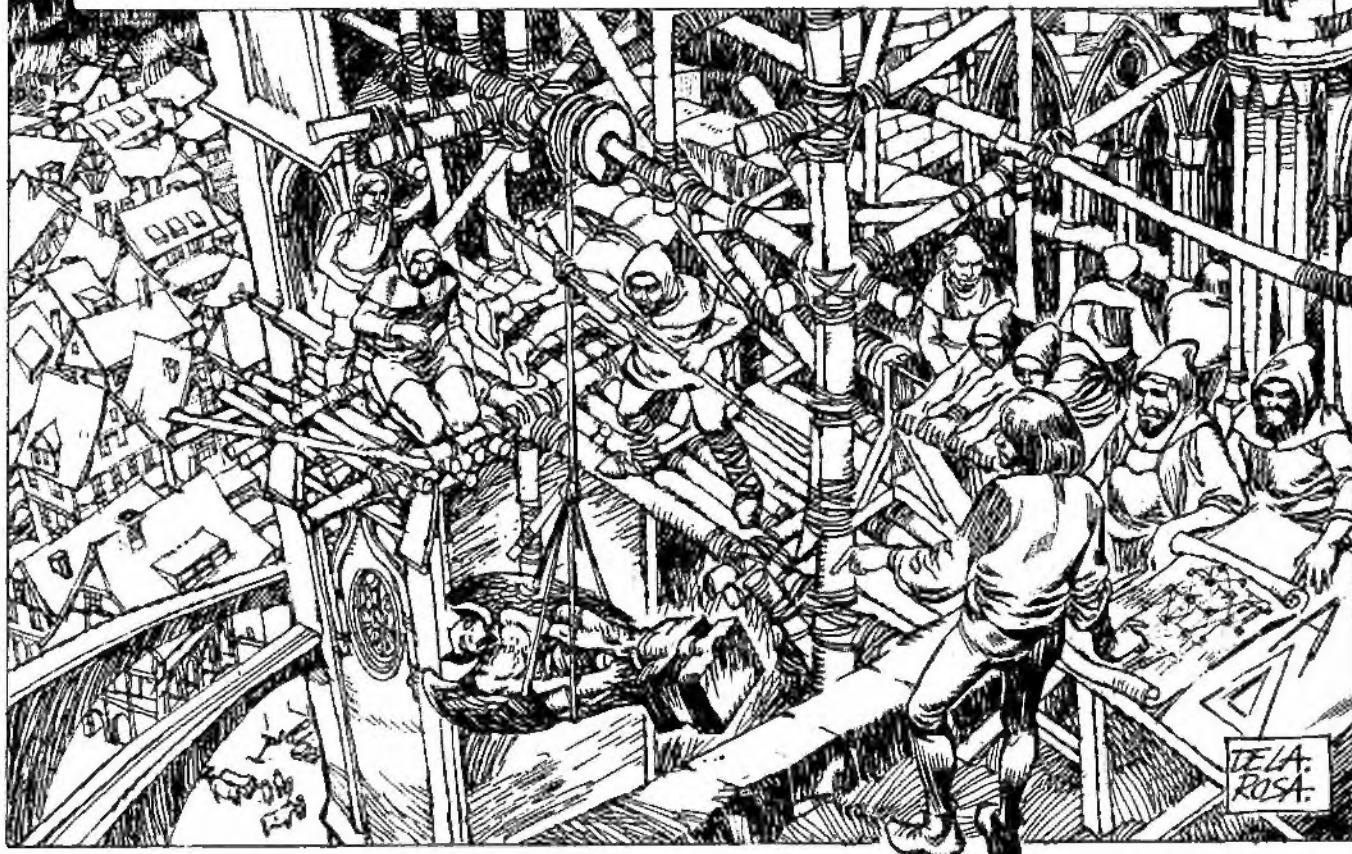


# a gargoyle--a man!

Witness the Birth of the most Macabre Continued Characters ever by  
**HERVELSON and DELA ROSA**



IN THE YEAR 1427 TWO GARGOYLES ARE HOISTED ONTO A PARAPET OF THE CATHEDRAL OF MENZE IN FRIEDBURG GERMANY!



SHORTLY AFTER THERE IS A VILE *STORM*... AN UNHOLY *BIRTH OF A MIND* -- A MIND THAT THINKS -- HEARS -- SEES ...



BUT A MIND THAT CANNOT EXERCISE AUTHORITY OVER ITS *PHYSICAL* SURROUNDINGS... ITS *BODY*! IT IS A *MIND* -- A TORMENTED, *TWISTED MIND* -- FOR IT IS A MIND IN A *PHYSICAL STONE PRISON*!



IN THE MONTHS--YEARS--CENTURIES THAT FOLLOW  
THE GARGOYLES ENDURE COUNTLESS HARSH SEASONS  
THAT COME BITING, CHILLING...



BEHIND THEM--ON A NARROW LEDGE  
WITH A BENCH WHERE THE CATHEDRAL  
PRIESTS COME TO MEDITATE AND TALK--  
THEY HEAR THE LESSONS OF LIFE...



THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE CHANTED WITH LEATHERY TONGUES--THE GOLDEN FORESTS AND  
JUNGLES OF KIPLING--THE GHASTLY NIGHTMARES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE...



AND AS THE  
PRIESTS READ  
ROMEO AND  
JULIET--  
ANTHONY AND  
CLEOPATRA--  
THE GREAT NOVELS  
OF LOVE AND  
ROMANCE...  
THE GARGOYLES  
SQUIRM ON  
THEIR LEDGE  
AND BLUSH  
AS THEY TWIST  
THEIR EYES TO  
SEE THE OTHER...

THEY KNOW WAR-- AND WITH  
HUMANITY THEY TOO ARE  
WOUNDED... IN A MOCKING...  
JESTING WAY...



A TANK IS BEING CLEANED AND  
EXPLODES ACCIDENTLY--THE SHELL  
BITES OFF A CHUNK OF HIS STONE  
WING--AND SHE KNOWS THE  
PAIN AS MUCH AS HE...







NOW IT IS 1972 -- HUNDREDS OF YEARS AFTER THEIR INSTALLATION THE AUTHORITIES DECIDE THEIR PURPOSE WOULD BE BETTER SERVED BY A **NEON CROSS** IN **THEIR PLACE...**



AND SO THEY ARE TOSSED AS **GARBAGE** INTO A NEARBY **GRAVEYARD** -- AMIDST A PILE OF DEAD SCULPTURE AND MORTAR...

BUT A STRANGE THING HAPPENS -- FOR AS THEY FALL FROM THE WORKMEN'S HANDS THEY **TOUCH** -- SILENTLY, SOFTLY, FOR ONLY A **SECOND**... BUT THEY FEEL THE **LOVE** OF **THE OTHER**...



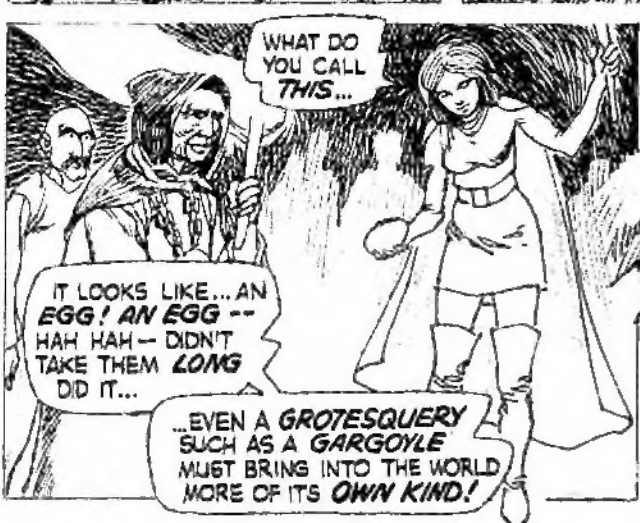
THAT NIGHT THERE IS A **CONGREGATION** IN THAT **CITY OF CRYPTS** -- AN **UNHOLY** CONGREGATION OF THE DREADED CULT KNOWN AS... **SATANISM!**



WHAT'S **THIS?**

**GARGOYLES** -- HAVEN'T YOU SEEN THEM ABOVE THE **CATHEDRAL**? THEY JUST TOOK THEM DOWN **TODAY**...

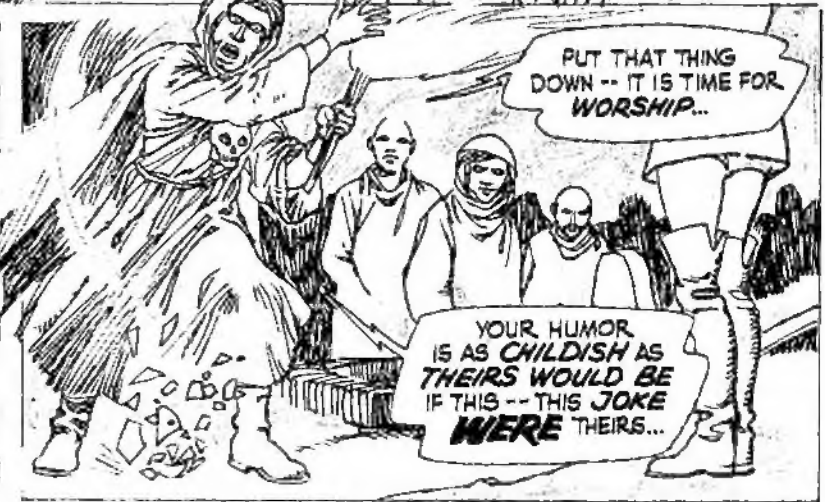
WHAT DO YOU CALL **THIS**...



IT LOOKS LIKE... AN **EGG! AN EGG** -- HAH HAH -- DIDN'T TAKE THEM **LONG** DID IT...

...EVEN A **GROTESQUERY** SUCH AS A **GARGOYLE** MUST BRING INTO THE WORLD MORE OF ITS **OWN KIND!**

PUT THAT THING DOWN -- IT IS TIME FOR **WORSHIP**...



YOUR HUMOR IS AS **CHILDISH** AS **THEIRS** WOULD BE IF THIS -- THIS **JOKE** **WERE** THEIRS...



THE WIND **HOWLED** THAT NIGHT -- NOT FAR FROM WHERE THE GARGOYLES LIE THE SATANISTS **CHANT...**



AND A STONE WING **FLUTTERS...**

A SHUDDERING **CRACK** RIPS **WITHIN** -- SOMETHING WET THAT **LEAPS ABOUT** AND **SLITHERS** TWISTS-ABOUT WITHIN A **MOUTH** -- A NECK **BOOMS** WITH A THROATY **THUD** FROM **SOUNDINGS** WITHIN A **CHEST** THAT **HEAVES** AND **LURCHES...**



AND THERE IS **LIFE...**



AND HIS FIRST **ACTION** -- IS TO **ATTACK...**

IT'S A SIGN... A SIGN OF **GOD!**

**RUN** -- WE HAVE TO **MUSTER OUR FORCES** BEFORE WE CAN **BATTLE THIS... CREATURE...**



CAN YOU **HEAR** -- CAN YOU **SEE ME...**

I AM AS ALIVE AS **YOU ARE** MY LOVE -- YOU HAVE DONE ALL THAT **NEED** BE DONE... LET THERE NOW BE **PEACE...** AS YOU LIE IN MY **ARMS...**



NOW THERE IS A BEATING OF **TWO** HEARTS AS **ONE** --





LATER THAT NIGHT TWO DARK FIGURES **GROPE** THROUGH THE **ALLEYS** OF FRIEDBURG --**FLEEING** THE IMMINENT THREAT OF **ARMED REVENGE** BY SATAN'S DARK FORCES...



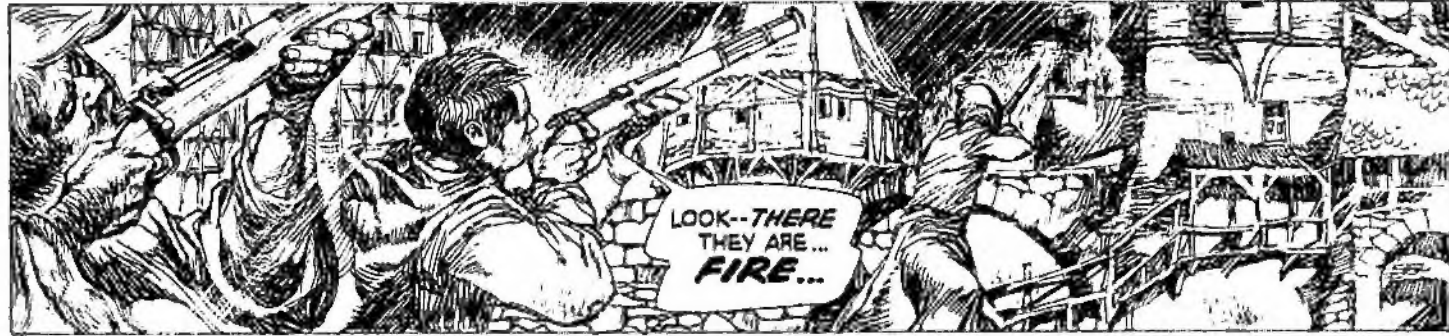
THOPPPPP!

THEY SEE US... TAKE TO THE AIR...

I FELT THAT BULLET AS IT WHINED PASSED ME-- YOU MAY THINK I'M **WEIRD**, MY LOVE, BUT I **LOVED** IT...

I **LOVED** THE FEELING-- IT MADE ME FEEL HUMAN...

THE WORD IS NOT HUMAN... THE WORD IS **ALIVE!**



LOOK--THERE THEY ARE... **FIRE...**



THEY'RE **EVERYWHERE**-- WE'D BE BETTER OFF AWAY FROM THE CITY...

TAKE MY **HAND** SWEET LOVE-- DISGUISED AS UNTHINKING **BIRDS** THE NIGHT MIGHT NOT BE AS **HARSH** ON US AS THE **HUMANS** HAVE BEEN...



YOU MUST BE **EXHAUSTED** LOVE-- THAT **BARN** WILL SHELTER US THE **REMAINDER** OF THE NIGHT-- IN THE MORNING WE WILL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE-- WITH OUR **LIVES!**



AND ON THAT MORN...

WHO'S  
IN THERE--  
WHO'S THERE--  
I CAN  
HEAR  
YOU...

WE'RE  
DISCOVERED--  
WE HAVE TO  
MOVE AGAIN  
DEAREST...

I HEAR YOU-- WHY DON'T YOU  
ANSWER-- DON'T YOU REALIZE I  
CAN'T SEE-- I NEED AN ANSWER  
FOR MY EARS-- TO KNOW WHO  
YOU ARE!

HE'S --  
HE'S  
BLIND!

WE ARE-- TRAVELLERS... WE  
JUST USED YOUR BARN FOR A FEW  
HOURS TO REST-- WE NEEDED  
THE REST-- MY... MY WIFE  
NEEDED THE REST!

YOU'RE WIFE! WHY DIDN'T  
YOU SAY YOUR GOOD WOMAN  
WAS WITH YOU-- COME INTO  
THE HOUSE-- YOU COULD USE  
SOME HOT NOURISHMENT!

WELL HERE--  
TAKE THIS...

NOW TELL ME-- WHAT  
ARE YOUR NAMES-- WHAT  
DO YOU DO FOR A  
LIVING...

FOOD--YOU ARE VERY  
KIND-- NEITHER OF US  
HAVE EATEN IN--IN  
A VERY LONG TIME...

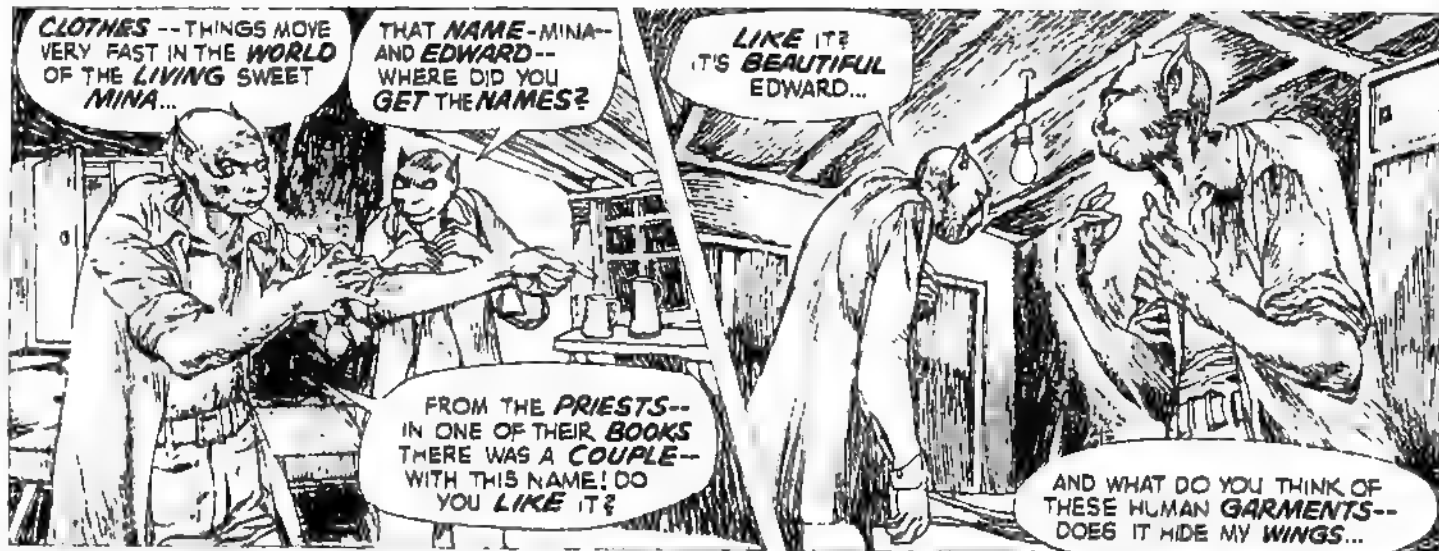
OUR NAMES? -- I  
AM EDWARD SARTYROS...  
MY WIFE... MY WIFE  
IS MINA...

AND WHAT  
DO YOU DO FOR  
A LIVING...

FOR A LIVING--  
WE'D DO...  
ANYTHING!

WELL THAT'S EASILY SOLVED  
EDWARD-- I NEED A COUPLE OF  
GOOD WORKERS THIS TIME OF YEAR  
-- CROP HARVEST-- YOU CAN LIVE  
IN THAT BACK ROOM-- AND  
YOU'LL FIND WORK CLOTHES  
IN THE CLOSET THERE TOO...







CRAWL IN THE **DUST**  
FIENDS -- PRAY TO  
YOUR **MASTER** YOUR  
**LAST PRAYER** -- IN  
A **MOMENT** YOU  
WILL MEET H.M. FOR  
THE **FINAL TIME**...

OH **GRAND LUCIFUGE** -- WE **BESEECH**  
**THEE** -- SEND US THE **BOON** YOU  
PROMISED US -- SEND US YOUR  
**ULTIMATE WEAPON**...

ULTIMATE  
WEAPON -- OF  
WHAT DO YOU  
**SPEAK**?



THEY SPEAK OF **I** -- **I** AM  
THE **NAME** **LUCIFER** HAS GIVEN  
ME -- FOR ONLY SUCH AS **I**  
HAVE THE **ULTIMATE POWER**...

**DIE**... WHY DON'T  
YOU **DIE**  
**SPAWN OF HELL!**



THE **THING** CALLED '**I**' AND  
**EDWARD SARTYROS** DO **BATTLE** --  
THE **STRANGEST** BATTLE EARTH  
HAS PERHAPS **EVER KNOWN** --  
A BATTLE THE **GODS** WILL **WATCH**...







DIE? DIE,  
YOU BLACK  
FEATHERED  
MORON? HOW  
CAN SOMETHING  
DIE-- WHICH  
DOES NOT LIVE?

YOU DARE SPEAK  
TO ME OF LIFE--YOU?--  
CREATION OF DEPRAVED  
DEATH--NEVER--NEVER  
SPEAK TO ME OF LIFE!...



WHUUUCKKKKKAAAA!



AND YOUR HENCHMEN--  
THEY TOO SHALL DIE--  
EVERY ONE OF SATAN'S  
FILTHY  
FORCES...

STOP EDWARD--STOP--  
YOU MUST KNOW MERCY ALSO--  
COURAGE IS NOT ENOUGH IN  
THIS WORLD--YOU KNOW THAT.

...LIFE IS TOO  
PRECIOUS-- YOU MUST  
NEVER TAKE THE  
LIFE OF ANY MAN--  
OR BEAST-- WE  
HAVE NO RIGHT!...



TRUE-- WE HAVE  
NO RIGHT...

WE HAVE LEARNED MUCH FROM  
THE BOOKS OF THE PRIESTS  
MNA--PERHAPS TOO MUCH--  
THESE MEN--THESE HUMANS  
LYING IN THE DUST KNOW  
TOO LITTLE...

...I HAVE A FEELING  
MINE MY LOVE--A FEELING  
DEEP IN MY GUT--  
PEACE FOR US MAY BE  
A LONG WAY AWAY...



PERHAPS... AND PERHAPS... BUT WHEN THAT MOMENT COMES WE WILL BE WITH THEM RIGHT HERE!





# SCREAM SCREEN:

MONSTER-MASTER LON CHANEY:

— The Man-Macabre whose uncountable movie disguises were so horrific they even made a movie about HIM. . . .

— The Man-Macabre whose terrifying make-up as the phantom of the opera made the censors SHUDDER. . . .

The first and finest international horror star was Lon Chaney Jr. . . .

Rather a presumptuous over-generalized statement? If so — consider — it is a statement made firmly and without reservation or need for explanation by every other horror-master the medium has ever produced! Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff, Peter Cushing, Vincent Price, Oliver Lodge, Christopher Lee — They ALL agree — CHANEY IS THE MASTER!

Why? He was a genius they say, and we — and genius is rare. It's a word bandied about wherever incompetents gather to describe men at the peak of their craft — but rarely is it used properly! It's a bit like the word 'madness' — a word intended to demean and provoke. . . . another too-common word too often unjustified.

Perhaps!

There is a mingling of genius and madness in the myriad eternities — and if ever they are fixed it is upon the mad genius Lon Chaney — whose works are what this photo is about.



## A Thousand Faces of Ultimate Horror

In the 50's they made a film about Lon Chaney, with James Cagney in the lead role, called 'THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES'! It told the story well, of the man who was born of deaf-mute parents: The child Lon learned the pantomime early in his life as he was forced to communicate with his parents by using his hands, his faces, his eyes — to express a point. He would act out his adventures for them with short plays and dramas both entertaining and informative — for he was telling them

of his mind — even as he told us, through the medium of movies, many years later.

Between 1913 and 1918 he played a 100 minor roles, many of which he directed and wrote himself. In 'THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME', 1923, he directed the famous trial of Esmeralda The Gypsy Girl.

His famous films are his silents — like Universal's 1923 version of Victor Hugo's powerful 'THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME', for the most directed by Wallace Warsley. In this extra-

ordinary horror vehicle Chaney played Quasimodo the tortured hunchback, while Patsy Miller portrayed Esmeralda and Norman Kelly played the role of Captain Phoebus.

In his most famous rôle as Erik the phantom in 'THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA' of 1925 — directed by Rupert Julian from the screenplay of Elliot Clawson, adapted from the 1908 novel of the same title by Gaston Leroux — Chaney Unmasked — It is this scene for which he has been touted as the



master of make-up.

Gaston Leroux sets the scene:

"I wanted desperately to see beneath the mask. I wanted to know the face of the voice and, with a movement which I was utterly unable to control, my fingers swiftly tore away the mask. I fell back against the wall and he came to me, grinding his teeth hideously, and, as I fell upon my knees, he hissed mad, incoherent words and curses at me. Leaning over me, he cried, 'look! Do you want to see? See! Feast your eyes, and your soul on my cursed ugliness! Are you satisfied?'"

"And drawing himself up to his full height, with his hands on his hips, wagging the hideous thing that was his head on his shoulders, he roared, 'Look at me!'. . . and when I turned away my head and begged for mercy, he drew my head back to him, brutally, twisting his dead fingers into my hair."

"Then he hissed at me, 'Ah, I frighten you, do I? Perhaps you think that I have another mask, eh, and that this head is a mask? well,' he roared, 'tear it off as you did the other! I insist! Give me your hands!' And he seized my hands and dug them into his awful face. He tore his flesh with my nails, his terrible dead flesh!"

In this astonishing disguise as a cripple in 'THE PENALTY', Chaney is reported to have been in agony from the restrictions of his self-imposed bonds!



As the macabre Erik in 'THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA', Chaney literally petrified audiences!

In the film. . .

Chaney sits masked, playing his organ, while behind him Mary Philbin as Christine Daae lurks curiously — dreaming and slowly losing her senses — until she can no longer hold herself — she rushes at the masked monster, ripping at his mask, tearing 'till it falls to reveal Chaney's death skull — he rises to unbelievable dimension, hovering over the paralyzed girl — then the audience — we — shriek — for this is a thousand faces of ultimate horror within one, the face of DEATH!







'MOCKERY' was one of Chaney's personal favorites — his feeling for the utter depravity of his character was a brilliant and stunning psychological drama!

Characterization was Chaney's life . . . and in 'MR. WU' he captured every element of his portrayal in the great-grand style of a master!



Lon Chaney's make-up was unrivaled; He even prepared a reference for encyclopedia britannica on his art.

He would go to great lengths to produce his desired effect; in the phantom of the opera just described, his face was made by affixing pieces of wire to expose his gums, while metal distended his nostrils, uplifted his nose, and pulled at the corners of his lips to expose rotting dead teeth, his cheek bones were distorted by stuffing his mouth with cotton padding, and his eyes were bulged and saddened by means of chemicals. Many fellow workers at the time were sure his appearance was so grotesque the film would never be shown.

He has also played a legless man in 'THE PENALTY', has grown a hump in 'THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME', lost his arms in 'THE UNKNOWN' — an eye in 'THE ROAD TO MANDALAY', and been a paraplegic in 'WEST OF ZANZIBAR'.



The meaning of madness was never so clearly defined as in 'MONSTER', in which Lon Chaney literally forgot all definition of reason!



In 'BLACK BIRD' Chaney manipulates his bizarre body through the ultimate of lunatic sensations and circumstances.



'LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT' is the essence of Chaney's seething insight into the snarling underlife of city-gutter hell!



When sound arrived in 1927 he adapted easily, re-making his silent success again — 'THE UNHOLY THREE', in which he plays one of three weirdly collected criminals — a ventriloquist who masquerades as an old lady — a part in which he assumed 4 voices! It looked like sound was going to make Lon Chaney an even bigger star than before — and many new roles were planned for him—including 'DRACULA' (which was instead given to Bela Lugosi, making him a star virtually overnight.)

But overwork put Chaney in a Los Angeles Hospital where it was realized he had fatal cancer. On August 26, 1930, he died in silence due to his disease; in his last days forced by nature to communicate with those around him in the sign language and pantomime he had made famous on the silent screen years before!

But, let us realize one thing — LON CHANEY is NOT dead . . . His life's work is very much a part of all of us!

A partial listing of LON CHANEY'S motion pictures . . .

BLACK BIRD, HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, LAUGH CLOWN LAUGH, LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT, MOCKERY, MONSTER, MR. WUE, NEXT CORNER, OUTSIDE THE LAW, PENALTY, PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, ROAD TO MANDALAY, TELL IT TO THE MARINES, TRAP, THUNDER, TOWER OF LIES.





IT MATTERED NOT  
IF SHE WANTED TO  
BE HUMAN, IF SHE  
TRIED TO BE  
NORMAL. ONLY  
ONE FACT  
PREVAILED...  
SHE WAS THE...

# DEVIL'S WOMAN


NO!!  
NO!!

IT HURTS--  
PLEASE STOP IT--  
PLEASE!

MARTA--MAKE  
IT STOP--


ARGHHHH!





SILKY WINTRY SNOW  
CASCADES DOWNWARDS  
ONTO THE CRUMBLING  
VERMONT MANSION KNOWN  
TO ALL AS PAGAN ESTATES.  
A ONCE GRAND MANOR OF  
THE EARLY ARISTOCRATS, BUT  
NOW, A DECAYED RUIN WASTING  
AWAY ON THE DESOLATE  
YAWNING PRECIPICE KNOWN  
AS HAUNTED HILL...

THE ICY BLEAKNESS OF THE VERMONT HILLSIDE SLIPS  
UNDER THE SOUND OF A BLITHE HAUNTING MUSIC...



WHY DID  
SHE WANT US  
TO DRESS THIS  
WAY?...LIKE SOME  
MOVIE ROYALTY  
OUT OF THE  
THIRTIES...

NO MYSTERY  
IN THAT, DEAR. SHE  
THOUGHT IT WOULD  
BE DIFFERENT...  
THAT WE WOULD  
ENJOY IT!


SHE  
IS  
BLIND!

AFTER  
ALL--WHAT  
DOES IT  
MEAN TO  
HER?

A DOUBLE  
TRAGEDY!

THE SAME  
FIRE THAT TOOK HER  
SIGHT KILLED HER  
PARENTS AS WELL!

LOOK--  
THERE  
SHE IS!



GOOD EVENING, MY  
FRIENDS...ENJOY THE PARTY,  
AND AT TWELVE MIDNIGHT--  
THE SURPRISE!



NICE  
PARTY!

IT WAS SWEET OF  
MARTA TO HAVE  
US ALL HERE ON  
NEW YEAR'S  
EVE.

YES,  
SHE IS A  
LOVELY  
PERSON...  
BUT SO  
LONELY...  
SO  
STRANGE...  
IN A  
WAY...



WHAT WAS THAT? IT  
SOUNDED LIKE SOME  
GOD-SCARING  
SCREAM!

THE HOUSE...  
JUST THE SOUND  
OF THE HOUSE...  
NOTHING MORE!

THERE'S A  
KNOCK AT THE  
DOOR. WILL SOME-  
ONE PLEASE OPEN  
IT FOR ME.

I'LL  
GET IT,  
MARTA.

GOOD  
LORD!

WHAT IS  
IT? WILL  
SOMEONE  
TELL ME?

CREATURE...

CREATURE  
FREE--HELL  
BROKE  
LOOSE...

DEAD...JUST  
THOSE ODD  
WORDS AND  
HE'S DEAD!

SORRY THIS HAD TO  
HAPPEN, MARTA. BUT HE  
MUST HAVE GONE CRAZY.  
ANY IDEA WHO HE IS?

NO...I...I...

OH--OF COURSE  
--I FORGOT. HAVE  
A GOOD NEW  
YEAR, FOLKS!



THE POLICE  
LEAVE AS  
QUICKLY AS  
THEY CAME AND  
THE FESTIVITIES  
QUIETLY  
CONTINUE. BUT  
THE MOOD OF  
THE NIGHT HAS  
MOST DEFINITELY  
BEEN CHANGED...

CREATURE?  
BEFORE HE DIED HE  
SAID SOMETHING ABOUT  
A CREATURE...

ODD--THIS HOUSE  
WAS ONCE RUMORED  
TO HAVE CREATURES--  
**HIDEOUS DISGUSTING**  
CREATURES RAMPAGING  
ABOUT.

THEY SAY THAT  
MARTA'S PARENTS  
WERE MEMBERS OF  
SOME PERVERTED  
**WITCH CULT**-- THAT  
THEY CALLED ON  
**SATAN** AND OTHERS  
OF THE DAMNED TO  
APPEAR BEFORE  
THEM.

AND STRANGELY  
ENOUGH--THAT FIRE  
--THE ONE WHICH  
KILLED HER  
PARENTS...

THAT TOOK  
PLACE ON NEW  
YEAR'S EVE EXACTLY  
20 YEARS AGO  
TODAY!

ONLY GOOD  
THING THAT EVER  
HAPPENED TO MARTA  
WAS MARRYING THAT  
**EUROPEAN**  
COUNT--

THERE'S  
JUST  
**SOMETHING**  
ABOUT HIM  
THAT'S  
DIFFERENT  
...THAT  
**EXCITES**  
ME!

HE'S SO  
POWERFUL...  
MYSTERIOUS...

MY FRIENDS--THE NEW  
YEAR IT DRAWS NEAR,  
AND THERE IS A STORY I  
**MUST TELL, AND YOU**  
**MUST HEAR.**

IT IS AS  
**STRANGE AS THE**  
**SEETHING FLAMES**  
**OF HELL'S FIRE,**  
AND AS COMPELLING  
AS THE **BECKONING**  
**FINGER OF**  
**DEATH'S SHROUD!**

COME CLOSER,  
MY FRIENDS...



"IN MY COUNTRY...HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO...THOSE WHO WORSHIPPED IN THE CHURCH OF SATAN WOULD HOLD THEIR HOLY COMMUNIONS EACH NEW YEAR'S EVE..."

SATAN, BELIAL, ATULAK...THE BLACK BOOK OF THE DEAD, AND THE FIERY WRITHES OF ALL TIME...ACCEPT THE SACRIFICES WE MAKE TO YOU--THE MOST HOLY OF ALL!



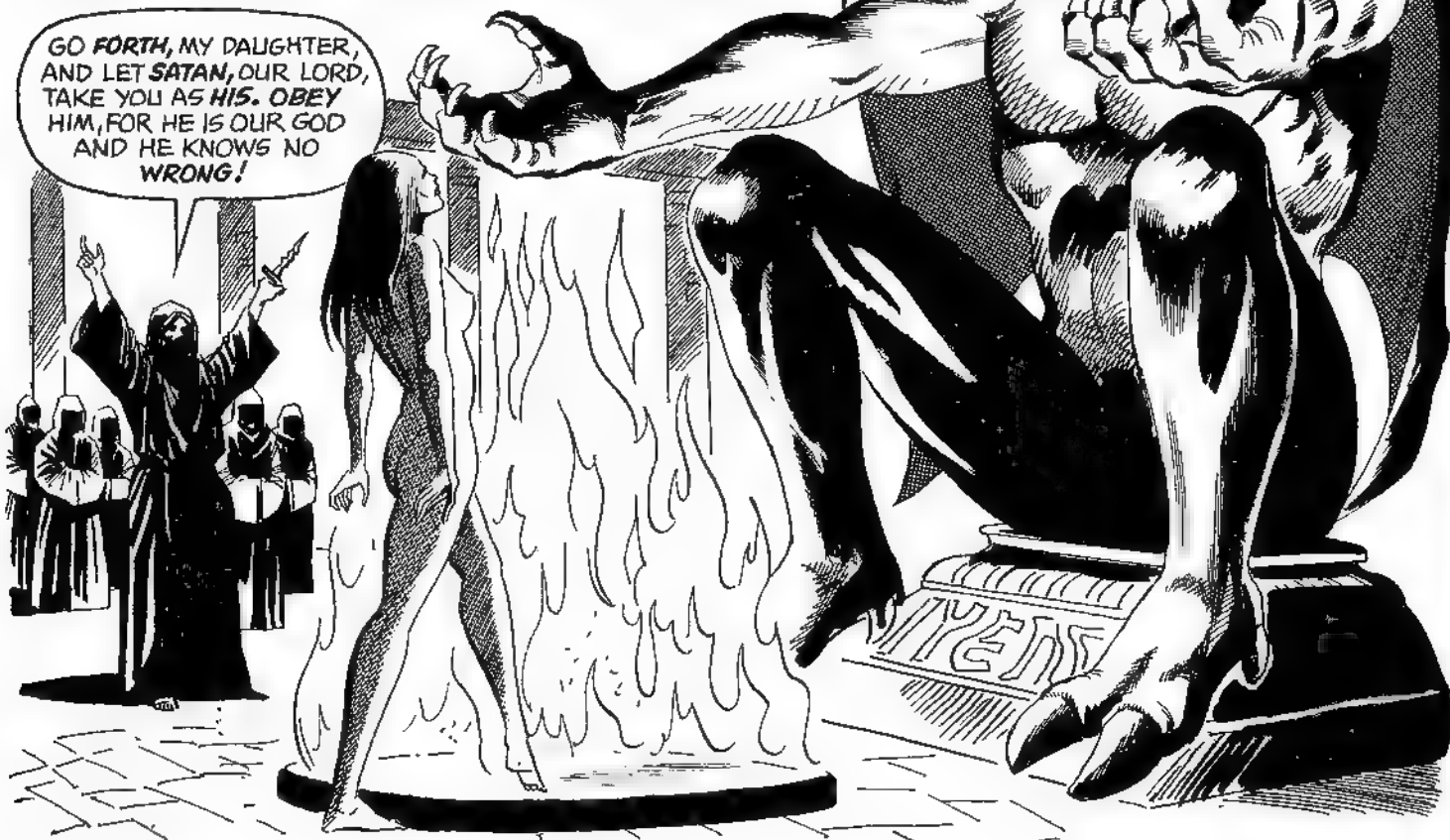
"THE ANIMAL LAMB WOULD BE BURNT, AND SATAN WOULD GIVE HIS WORSHIP-PERS ANOTHER YEAR OF PEACE WITH THEIR TWICE DAMNED SOULS..."



TAKE OUR SOULS AND OUR FLESH FOR WE ARE YOURS!

BUT AS THE YEARS PROGRESSED, SATAN WANTED MORE THAN LAMB'S BLOOD FOR HIS SACRIFICIAL RITES... HE WANTED THE FLESH OF A YOUNG VIRGIN...FOR THE LORD OF THE DAMNED NEEDED PURITY TO CORRUPT.

GO FORTH, MY DAUGHTER, AND LET SATAN, OUR LORD, TAKE YOU AS HIS. OBEY HIM, FOR HE IS OUR GOD AND HE KNOWS NO WRONG!





WHY ARE YOU TELLING US ALL THIS? YOU'RE **FRIGHTENING** ME. THIS IS NEW YEAR'S EVE...IT SHOULD BE **FUN**...WE SHOULD BE DRINKING...DANCING...TO OUR FUTURES...

THERE **ARE** NO FUTURES... ONLY THE LINGERING AURA OF THE PAST HOLDING TIGHT ONTO ETERNITY.

AND THEN, AS IF IN ANSWER TO THE **CLARION** CALL OF DARKNESS...

THE **LIGHTS**-- THEY'RE OUT!

A POWER FAILURE... **SOMEONE** GET A MATCH ...LIGHT ONE OF THE Candles.

**NO!** LET US REMAIN IN DARKNESS. FOR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY THRIVES BEST IN THE EBONY SHADOWS OF NIGHT!

**SATAN** WANTED TO END HIS EXILE IN HELL, AND RETURN TO THE EARTH ONCE MORE. HE MADE CONTACT WITH TWO OF HIS WORSHIPERS... TWO BELIEVERS... TWENTY YEARS AGO...IN **THIS VERY HOUSE!**

THEN IT'S TRUE... MARTA'S PARENTS WERE MEMBERS OF A **WITCH CULT!**

**QUIET**--YOU FOOL...AND LISTEN. TWENTY YEARS AGO CONTACT WAS MADE. BUT THERE WAS AN **ACCIDENT** ...A **HIDEOUS** ACCIDENT!

SATAN WAS BROUGHT TO THIS EARTH, BUT HE HAD BEEN CHANGED... HIS FORM **ALTERED** BEYOND HUMAN COMPREHENSION!

WHY ARE YOU TELLING US THIS... **WHY??...**

CAN'T YOU GUESS? **SATAN** THRIVES BENEATH **THIS** HOUSE...THIS VERY HOUSE, AND HE **DEMANDS** MORE SACRIFICES...

SACRIFICES TO GIVE HIM STRENGTH...THIS YEAR AS HE HAS **ALWAYS** NEEDED EACH NEW YEAR'S EVE...

SACRIFICES... AND YOU ARE **THEM!**

GIVE YOURSELVES GLADLY  
TO OUR LORD SATAN...AND ALL  
REWARDS SHALL BE YOURS!

THERE CAN BE NO  
GREATER GLORY THAN TO  
BE TAKEN BY HIM!

**HA HA HA HA HA HA**

THE HARD WOODEN FLOOR MELTS UNDER THE FRIGHTENED FEET OF THE FEAR-  
CRAZED GUESTS, AND THEY FALL DOWNWARDS TOWARDS A PULSATING HORROR BELOW...





# WAAAGH

OTHER WAY? YOU SPEAK  
AS IF **WE** DECIDED ON  
THIS COURSE, NOT **SATAN**,  
OUR MASTER.

AND **SATAN**  
IS **NEVER**  
WRONG!

BESIDES, WE ARE NOT  
FINISHED HERE...THERE  
IS ONE MORE DEED  
TO DO.

**SATAN** IS **NOT** YET APPEASED,  
MY LOVE...FOR IT HAS BEEN  
TWENTY LONG YEARS SINCE HE  
TOOK UNTO HIMSELF A WIFE...  
AND **YOU** WERE THE RESULTS  
OF **THAT** MEETING!

LET US **LEAVE** MY HUSBAND.  
I CAN TAKE THEIR PITIFUL  
SCREAMS NO LONGER!

SURELY, THERE  
**MUST** HAVE BEEN  
SOME OTHER WAY...?

AND NOW, **SATAN** MUST  
CREATE ANOTHER CHILD...**GO** TO  
HIM, MARTA, AS **YOUR MOTHER**  
ONCE SO UNHESITATINGLY **DID!**

NO--!

**NO!** I NEVER  
KNEW...**NEVER!**

I BELIEVED SO  
LONG...I TRULY  
BELIEVED THAT  
THEY DIED TRYING  
TO BRING **SATAN**  
BACK...

BUT NOT THIS  
WAY...NOT AS  
**SATAN'S WOMAN**  
NOW...

MARTA,  
COME  
BACK!

THROUGH THE TANGLED CREEPING  
VINES OF FAGAN ESTATES, THROUGH  
THE DARK WORLD OF DESPERATE  
TERROR...OF THE DESPERATE BLIND,  
MARTA FLEES...

NOOOO--!

SATAN'S DAUGHTER...  
THAT'S ALL I AM...

BUT IF I AM HIS DAUGHTER  
THEN I HAVE HIS POWERS  
UNTAPPED POWERS I HAVE  
ALWAYS HAD...

COME BACK, MARTA...IT  
IS USELESS TO RUN...SATAN  
WANTS YOU...AND HE WILL  
HAVE YOU.

BUT  
NEVER  
BEFORE  
KNEW...

NEVER!  
HOW COULD I  
HAVE BELIEVED  
SO LONG...AND  
FOOLISHLY...  
HOW??

DIE...  
ALL OF YOU  
...THE HOUSE  
...MY HUSBAND  
...SATAN!

ALL OF YOU  
DIE IN HELL'S  
OWN FLAMES...

THE TIMBERS,  
ROTTEN WITH AGE,  
COLLAPSE IN A  
PAROXYSM OF  
STYGIAN HORROR...  
BUT THE FLAMES  
PRESS INWARDS,  
CONSUMING ALL  
RATHER THAN OUT  
INTO THE BITTER  
JANUARY MORNING...



AND MARTA RUNS, GROPING BLINDLY INTO THE WINTER'S FREEZING HOARFROST, RACING PAST THE OVERTURNED MARKERS OF ANCIENT GRAVES... TO THE EDGE OF THE TINY NEW ENGLAND TOWN OF SATAN'S-HEAD TO...

MARTA? WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' OUT HERE LIKE THIS? YOU LOOK LIKE THE DEVIL HIMSELF WAS CHASING YOU!

COME IN, CHILD...COME IN.

NO NIECE OF MINE IS GOING TO STAND IN THAT COLD WHEN I GOT ME A FIRE GOING...



YOU LOOK DEAD TO THE WORLD...

WHY DON'T YOU JUST LIE DOWN FOR AWHILE...I'LL EAD YOU TO THE BED!

NO! LET ME SPEAK! I'VE GOT TO--I MUST!



AND THEY'RE DEAD...ALL OF THEM!

HUSH, CHILD...YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING. WHY DON'T YOU JUST LAY DOWN FOR A WHILE?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. YOU JUST DON'T. I'M SO CONFUSED... MAYBE I AM TIRED, AUNT MARTHA... I WILL LIE DOWN...BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE ME--I CAN FIND THE WAY MYSELF!



GO ON IN, DEAR... JUST GO IN AND LAY DOWN ON THE BED...

MARTA STEPS INTO THE ROOM AND FAILS TO HEAR THE PULSATING HORROR BEFORE HER, CRYING OUT FOR HER...

IT'LL DO YOU A WORLD OF GOOD...IT REALLY WILL...



...AND THE QUIET LAUGHTER OF THE MAN SHE CALLS HER HUSBAND, AND THE ONE WHO IS HER AUNT AS SHE STEPS INTO ETERNITY AND HELL'S ENDLESS CYCLE...FOR SATAN **MUST** BE APPEASED...

THE END

# PSYCHO DELIVERY

PSYCHO-men, all I can say is that you've surpassed even yourselves this time. PSYCHO #6 was fantastic! I have every issue of PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE, namely because the price is just right for the number of pages and the quality of the art and stories.

I thought your best story AND art in this issue was in 'Sand Castle', with the '7th Voyage of Sinbad' coming in a close second in ratings. Keep those movie sections coming...they serve as a great change of pace after reading 3 or 4 stories to relax a spell with some good photos. And you're the only horror magazine publisher that does it! It has to figure tho — ALL your material is refreshing and original!

Kent Kirby  
Naples, Florida

You're kind words are taken to heart Kent, and rest assured we'll make the photo-feature a regular feature. We've had more complimentary fan mail on this new-idea that we even dreamed, and so we've sent out photo-researchers to dig up as many rare stills as possible, which we'll be presenting in upcoming issues.

PSYCHO #6 was by far the best issue of its kind ever to be released...every story was a gem. I would like to order a few back issues for both PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE, but if I cut out the coupon I also cut out valuable artwork on the other side of the page — which, as an art collector — I really can't bring myself to do!

Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining — unlike other magazine publishers these days who load their magazines with stupid, junky ads for inferior products — you

prefer to place just a few ads (service ads which aid the reader in collecting) and instead you fill the magazine with top stories and art... 'from cover to cover' like the saying goes! No, I'm not complaining, I just want to know what to do about this!

Jeffrey Innes  
Hartford Conn.

Very kind of you Jeff, thanks for your remarks. It is virtually impossible to know what to do in this regard. We want to place the ads so that back issues and special products can be obtained by you readers, but where to place them is an impossible problem! We suggest as an alternative, either to type or print very clearly on a plain sheet of paper what you'd like... exactly as it appears on the coupon itself! Okay?

Hey hey hey...here come some compliments guys...well earned compliments for a terrific PSYCHO #7!

'The Asylum of Frozen Hell' was one of the finest, if not the finest, stories I've ever read in a comic magazine. Pablo Marcos did a superb job on the art, Segrelles produced a masterful cover, and Al Hewetson's script should be made into a movie it was so good! What a great idea, having the reader 'see' the story thru his own eyes...each panel unfolding a plot which was exciting and dynamic!

Lesley Smith  
Sudbury Ontario

Many thanks Les...we'll pass your comments on to the 3 gentlemen responsible for this popular story. But wait'll your eyes grab a hold of the letter that follows!

I understand that my teenage son Lesley has written to you, a few days ago, about your magazine PSYCHO and the cover story for issue number 7, called 'The Asylum of Frozen Hell' by Alan Hewetson and Pablo Marcos.

I've never read a comic magazine in my entire life, although I do occasionally follow 'The Wizard of Id' and certain other newspaper strips, so I have no form of reference by which I can judge the quality of this particular story, which my son handed to me and demanded I read. But I can say that I am very much impressed by this particular story, as well as your entire magazine. Simply, I

never honestly realized what real quality and professionalism went into such comics — your material is excellent, and you've made yourselves another PSYCHO fan-reader.

James Smith

Sudbury Ontario

For once Jim and Les, we're at a loss for words...



You want 'em rated...okay here goes: the cover story by Al Hewetson and Pablo Marcos has gotta be number 1, no question about it! So #1 is 'The Asylum of Frozen Hell'. #2 I figure has gotta be Dennis Fujitake and 'The Family Jewels'...#3 would be 'The Tormented One'...#4 is the Heap story 'A Spawn of Satan'...#5 was 'Kerene'...#6 was 'Horror has 1 Thousand Faces'...#7 was the photo feature 'Masters of Blood'...#8 was 'I...am Demon'...#9 was 'The Discomboluted Hand' which I didn't like at all! Well, it started off nicely and then fell kinda flat! #10 was the 2 pager at the back of the book...yeech...the art was nice but the story line was dumb!

Anyway...my congratulations to Hewetson and Marcos for a team-up on 2 great pieces of comic literature: 'Asylum' and 'Heap'.

Lionel Greene  
Berwick Illinois

Our thanks to you Lionel, for your ratings and kind words. And we add our own congratulations to the 'team' of Messrs. Hewetson and Marcos for the cover story 'The Asylum of Frozen Hell' which received a tremendous reaction from you readers.



Holey Moley...ten stories in one issue...that's almost unbelievable! I want to say that I enjoyed the entire issue, especially the photo feature 'Master's of Blood'! I hope you keep producing these fine photo features, because for one thing they make for an excellent collection of articles on the great horror movies of all time. I generally don't save comic magazines but I've clipped out these photo pieces and have them all in a special binder. Please keep them coming and I'll be your fan forever!

Dennis Allen

West Greenwich Center, RI.

In that case we will Dennis...and we're glad we can be of service to your photo collection. You might also be interested in the photo feature we've just started in our companion magazine to PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE, which in issue #8 features a new photo review column which takes a look at the best of current movies. In this first presentation we comment on TALES FROM THE CRYPT!

You always seem to have almost all the artists and writers I like most and the finest all-round issues in the comic horror market. Psycho #6 was no exception. The artists I like this issue were Pat Boyette, Jeff Jones and Sean Todd. Rating the stories is a good idea. I rated your features: 1 - 'Heap' 2 - 'Vow' 3 - 'Sleep' 4 - 'Frankenstein' 5 - 'Midnight Slasher' 6 - 'Sand Castle' 7 - 'Voyage of Sinbad' 8 - 'Of a Sudden'. Just because I rated something #8 doesn't mean I thought little of it, in fact, I thought 'Of a Sudden' was great!

Your photo special this month was good reading but I'm looking forward to seeing some of the English movies done in your magazines...like Hammer Films' Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing movies. I'm also looking forward to a feature on Vincent Price.

Mike Phillips  
Tornado WV.

Many readers have written in to us listing their preferences just like you did Mike...and its a great help to us in planning stories and art for the future...keep them coming in...we'd like your views on this issue too!

THE

# PSYCHO-ANALYST

by Alan Hewetson



It's a mad-turvy world this, things up one year down the next, eras of abominations and haunting horrors, others of romantic apathy when the wonders of gothic fantasy are reserved for those with private, personal ambitions to re-read the classics macabre...those divine horrors that, while few in quantity, are forever criterions of quality.

Well, what we're saying of course is that there's a BOOM in horror on! We're finding new and excellent motion pictures like TALES FROM THE CRYPT, new and fine novels such as Wheatley's continuing Satanist works and Stewart's MEPHISTO WALTZ, television productions like Rod Serling's NIGHT GALLERY, and graphic-story magazines such as SKYWALD'S NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO, featuring the brain-bending fables of Ed Fedory, Dennis Fujitake, Doug Moench and many talented others.

THANK the ever-fickle winds of fate for this boom, for it was not always so fortunate a prospectus. The weird tale is found often in the myths of many civilizations past, as perhaps we might see as far back as Ancient Greece when the poet Petronius wrote THE FEAST OF TRIMALCHIO, which turned out to be the tale, thought the first, of a horrendous werewolf! And presented in Egypt as illustrated hieroglyphs, bizarre tales of the blue Nile are considered the founding writ of the graphic-story medium, and in our own sense surely, the great grand-mummies of PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE!

When stories were needed for entertainment during the lonely black nights of the dark ages in Europe, macabre poems and fantasies were invented of the evil vampire bats and bloody ghouls that stalked without, while within listeners huddled even closer to their red hearths to warm their shuddering hearts. Shakespeare hinted at horrors in his works HAMLET and MACBETH, and in the centuries soon to follow was succeeded by Ambrose Bierce, Algernon Blackwood, F. Marion Crawford, Guy de Maupassant, Lord Dunsany, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry James, Arthur Machen, Saki, Mary Shelley, Robert Louis Stevenson, Bram Stoker and Oscar Wilde.

Late LAST century Edgar Allan Poe registered as our resident horror-laureate with his CONQUEROR WORM, PREMATURE BURIAL, HOUSE OF USHER and THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM. Early THIS century H. P. Lovecraft decidedly became our contemporary master with his HE, THE HORROR AT RED HOOK, AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS and THE SHUNNED HOUSE.

BOOM-PERIODS of public interest in horror are a relatively unique phenomena of this century. In centuries before ours, readers of horror-terror-suspense novels were constant and appreciative, rarely (as unfortunately the sad situation is these days) reducing the medium to scorn and ridicule. From the teens through the late 30's many home-grown pulp magazines presented new authors of the macabre — the magazines: HORROR STORIES, TERROR TALES, WEIRD TALES, STRANGE TALES and THE POPULAR MAGAZINE; the authors: Mary Counselman, August Derleth, Robert E. Howard, Malcolm Jameson, H. P. Lovecraft, C. A. Smith and Tennessee Williams. And then there were the movies of Lon Chaney, Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi, often adapted from horror classics: Stoker's DRACULA, Shelley's FRANKENSTEIN, OR, THE MODERN PROMETHEUS, and Gaston Leroux's THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. To speculate on the reasons for the popularity of this bizarre genre, we borrow a quote from Lovecraft: 'The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown!'

The horror story demands of each reader a capacity for detachment from the reality of every-day life; it requires of him a rather astounding degree of imagination and mind-enterprise. Indeed the SERIOUS reader of the macabre is to be congratulated, for unlike the ever-flitting, un-demanding readers of science fiction (speculative fiction), detective, romance, mystery and adventure pulp, he calls only a FEW things 'great', — he is appalled at put-ons and is not amused by gore-for-the-sake-of-gore, weird and angry dialogue, or warped humor. Bid welcome to THIS boom, it's been a dry 30 years in coming, but placed in proper historical perspective it may be the biggest boom yet!

THERE HAVE BEEN BATTLES IN MAN'S **BLACK HISTORY...**  
 BATTLES FOR LOVE... BATTLES FOR POWER AND TERRITORY  
 ... BATTLES FOR MONEY AND PROPERTY...  
**THIS STORY STARTS WITH A BATTLE IN A TINY - MID-EUR-  
 OPEAN COUNTRY DURING THE 14TH CENTURY...**  
 ... WE ARE NOT CONCERNED WITH WHY THIS BATTLE IS BEING  
 WAGED, NOR HOW - WE ARE CONCERNED ONLY THAT IT IS NOW  
**ENDING AS WE START OUR STORY...**  
 ENDING IN VICTORY FOR KING WALTER THE PROUD...  
 ENDING IN THE LOSS OF A COUNTRY BY ITS QUEEN...  
**QUEEN ANNE THE BEAUTIFUL...**  
 AND TO START A TALE WITH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IS  
 ... IS AS GOOD A WAY AS ANY...

# have you ever seen the **BLACK RAIN?**

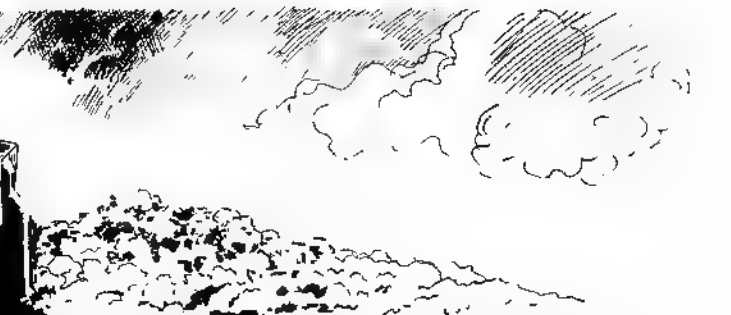
## CHAPTER ONE: A CASTLE MACABRE







A MAN IN LOVE... THWARTED, IT HAS BEEN SAID, IS PERHAPS THE MOST CONTEMPTABLE OF ALL LIVING THINGS... WHEN THIS MAN SAYS A CASTLE CAN BE UPROOTED FROM IT'S FOUNDATIONS... FOUNDATIONS THAT WERE IT'S HOME UNCOUNTABLE CENTURIES... HE MEANS IT...



AND ALTHOUGH IT TAKES MANY LONG MONTHS OF LABOR BY AN ENTIRE ARMY... AND MANY OCEAN VOYAGES TO TRANSPORT IT TO AN ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MEDITERANEAN SEA... IT IS DONE... WITH A SMIRK, MIND YOU - BY THE THOUSANDS WHO MOVE IT... BUT IT IS DONE...



Suffer the unconscionable umpirage of HEWETSON and XIRINUS in the DEATH CASTLE!

NOW...IF YOU WILL **IMAGINE IT** AS A MERE YEAR LATER...YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF ON A **TINY ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF FRANCE...** WITH A **QUEEN...** AND A **CASTLE...** AND THAT...IS...**ALL...**

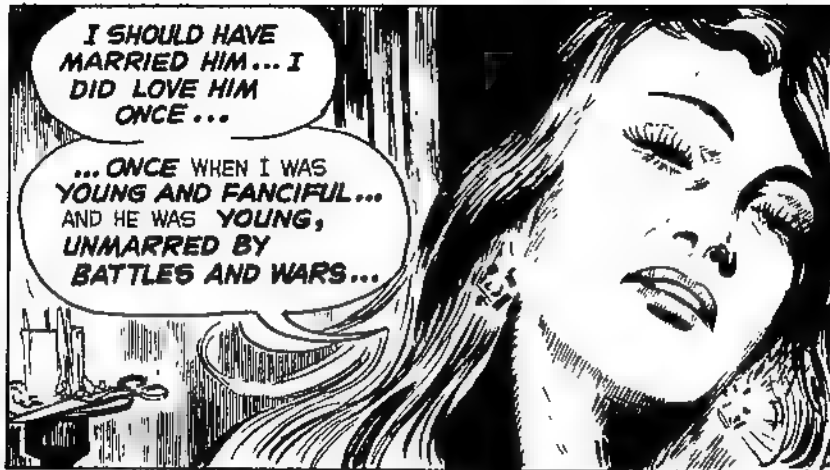
**NOTHING!**

...HE'S LEFT ME WITH **NOTHING...**  
NO **SERVANTS...**  
NO **GUARDS...**  
NOT A ONE...



I SHOULD HAVE **MARRIED HIM...** I DID LOVE HIM **ONCE...**

...ONCE WHEN I WAS **YOUNG AND FANCIFUL...** AND HE WAS **YOUNG, UNMARRIED BY BATTLES AND WARS...**

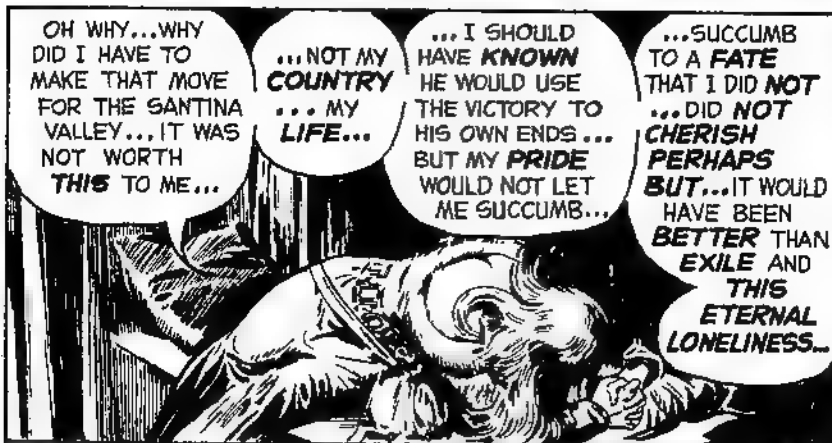


OH WHY...WHY DID I HAVE TO MAKE THAT MOVE FOR THE **SANTINA VALLEY...** IT WAS NOT WORTH **THIS** TO ME...

...NOT MY **COUNTRY** ... MY **LIFE...**

...I SHOULD HAVE **KNOWN** HE WOULD USE THE VICTORY TO HIS OWN ENDS... BUT MY **PRIDE** WOULD NOT LET ME **SUCCUMB...**

...SUCCUMB TO A FATE THAT I DID NOT ...DID NOT **CHERISH PERHAPS BUT...** IT WOULD HAVE BEEN **BETTER** THAN **EXILE** AND **THIS ETERNAL LONELINESS...**



AM I **DOOMED** TO WALK THROUGH THESE **EMPTY HALLS** FOREVER...UNTIL I **DIE**? A **SWIFT DEATH** WOULD HAVE BEEN **KINDER...KINDER BY FAR!**

STILL...THERE ARE **WAYS AND MEANS** YET OPEN TO ME...AT LEAST FOR **REVENGE...**

...MY FATHER WAS A **DABBLER** IN **BLACK MAGIC...** THE CONJURING UP OF **MAD DEMONS** AND **SATANIC HELPERS...**

...I LEARNED **MUCH** FROM HIM AS A **CHILD...** WATCHING SILENTLY FROM THE **SHADOWS** WHEN HE DID NOT KNOW I WAS **PRESENT...**

I KNOW THE **WAYS...** OF THE **BLACK ARTS...** AND I SHALL **USE** THEM... IN A LITTLE **DABBING** OF MY OWN...





**DID SHE SAY DABBLE?**

NO GREATER **UNDERSTATEMENT** WAS MADE DURING THE 14TH CENTURY THAN QUEEN ANNE'S USE OF THE WORD **DABBLE...** FOR HER **EXPERIMENTS** IN THE BLACK ARTS MAKE HER **FATHER'S** CONTACT WITH SATAN SEEM **PATHETICALLY CHILDISH BY COMPARISON...**



IT IS NOW **DAYS... WEEKS LATER...** QUEEN ANNE DOES NOT **CARE** MUCH HOW FAST THE **TIME PASSES...** WHY SHOULD WE?



**LUCIFER...**

... I WANT **REVENGE** ON THAT MAN... DO YOU **UNDERSTAND** ... THAT IS MY **BOON...** THAT IS MY **DEMAND...**

**I WANT REVENGE!**

**ALL** WHO CALL UPON ME ARE **SATISFIED** MY LADY...

... BUT **ALL** WHO CALL MUST **PAY THE PRICE...** ARE YOU PREPARED TO **PAY THE PRICE?**

**YES--** ALTHOUGH I KNOW NOT WHAT **MORE** I CAN GIVE... IT SEEMS I HAVE ALREADY GIVEN **EVERYTHING...**



... YOU WILL **SEE** MY LADY... YOU **SHALL SEE...**

IT IS NOW THAT WE **LEAVE** THIS **TIME OF THE STORY...** AND MOVE RAPIDLY INTO **ANOTHER...** **SOME TWO YEARS LATER...**

... WHEN **ANOTHER** BATTLE WAGES...

... **ANOTHER VICTORY--** BY KING **RUPERT THE BOLD...**

... **ANOTHER VANQUISHED SOUL** CRIES OUT FOR **MERCY** AFTER THIS BATTLE TOO... **KING WALTER THE PROUD...** WHICH **SETS THE PACE** TO START THE **2nd DIMENSION** TO OUR **GOTHIC TALE...**

**CHAPTER TWO:**

**THE**  
**QUEEN**  
**OF**  
**BLOOD!**



YOUR HIGHNESS... **QUICKLY--** INTO THE ROBES OF MY FELLOW **PRIEST...** HE WILL TAKE YOUR **PLACE** AND I CAN SMUGGLE YOU OUT OF THIS VILE **PRISON** DISGUISED AS **HE!**

VILE PRISON IT **UNQUESTIONABLY IS...** FOR IT WAS ONCE **MINE...** MERE **WEEKS AGO...**

HE GIVES UP HIS **LIFE** FOR YOU SIRE... HE ONLY HAS **WEEKS LEFT** TO LIVE IN ANY EVENT...

...NOW IN MY **OWN PRISON...** THEY PUT ME TO **TORTURE...TO THE RACK!**

YOU PRESENT ME WITH AN **EXCELLENT SCHEME FOR ESCAPE** PRIEST... BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR FELLOW **PRIEST...**

...WHEN THEY DISCOVER HE IS NOT **ME** THEY'LL **KILL HIM...**

IN OPEN SEA THEY HAVE TIME FOR **REFLECTION...**

TO WHAT PORT DO WE **SET SAIL** SIRE...

THERE IS ONLY **ONE** WHERE I CAN **ONLY TRUE REFUGE...** ONLY **ONE** WHERE RUPERT WILL NOT **FIND ME...**

...WHERE OUR **POSSESSION** WILL COME **EASILY...** FOR **THIS** PORT HAS **NO GUARDS...** **NO SOLDIERS** TO PROVIDE US WITH AN **OPPOSITION...**

...I SPEAK OF... **THE ISLE LE MONTE SAINT-SADE...**

SIRE... **BLACK CLOUDS** GATHER **OVERHEAD...** IT DOES NOT LOOK **GOOD...** THE STORM THAT IS GATHERING WILL BE **FURIOUS...**





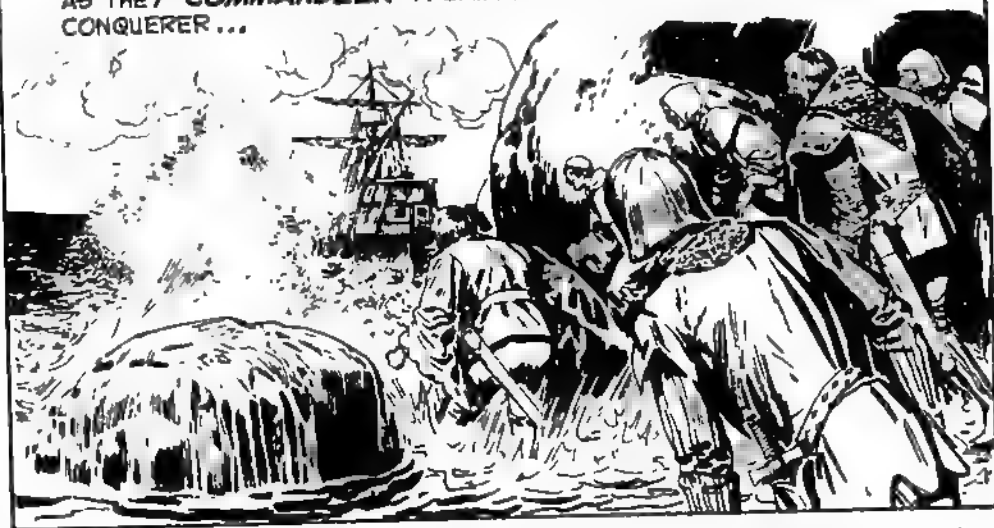
... FOR THE DOCTORS SAY HE IS TOO OLD TO LIVE ANOTHER MONTH!



THEN I THANK YOU FATHER--NO GREATER CREDIT COULD I GIVE TO YOU THAN BY ACCEPTING YOUR OFFER OF LIFE...

...LET US BE OFF...

THE PRIEST LEADS KING WALTER TO A SMALL COVE WHERE THEY ARE JOINED BY A BAND OF DEVOTED FOLLOWERS... SOLDIERS WHO HAVE SERVED THE KING WELL BEFORE... AND WILL AGAIN... AS THEY COMMANDEER A SAILING VESSEL OF RUPERT THE CONQUERER...



FURIOUS AND MAD... FOR AS THE MEN STRUGGLE FOR THEIR LIVES ONLY AN HOUR LATER, IT IS THOSE SAME BLACK CLOUDS THAT RIP THE NOW-SHREDDED SAILS... TEAR THE SEAMS OF THE SHIP APART... AND DUMP GALLON UPON GALLON OF BLACK RAIN BACK INTO THE OCEAN...



MAY GOD IN HEAVEN PROTECT US... DO YOU SEE THE RAIN... DO YOU NOT SEE IT?...

...THE RAIN... IS BLACK!

IT IS A SIGN... AN OMEN... WE ARE DOOMED...

AYE, DOOMED... BUT KNOW THAT THE SIGN OF THE BLACK RAIN IS A SIGN OF SATAN...

...IT IS SATAN WHO DROWNS US...



LAND... DO YOU SEE IT SIRE...

I SEE IT PRIEST... DO YOU NOT KNOW WHAT LAND THAT IS? IT IS A LAND WHERE THE ONLY STRUCTURE IS A CASTLE...

... AND THAT CASTLE IS THE ENTIRE ISLAND...



WHEN THE GOOD SHIP 'WILHELM' SMASHES INTO THE ROCKY COASTLINE OF THE ISLE LE MONTE SAINT-SADE THE MEN ABOARD HAVE **FEW WORDS...** THEY ARE REPLACED BY **SCREAMS AND CRIES...** AS THEY LEAP INTO THE **CHURNING WATERS** IN A **PATHETIC LAST ATTEMPT TO SAVE THEIR LIVES...**



AND WHEN THE COUNT IS TAKEN OF AN **ORIGINAL COMPLIMENT OF 28 MEN...** ONLY 2 REMAIN ... **ONLY 2...** A KING AND A PRIEST... AND WHY **THEY ALONE** WERE SAVED ONLY GOD KNOWS...OR PERHAPS **SATAN...**



ALL DEAD SIRE...  
ALL OF THEM...

IT MATTERS NOT...  
THEY HAD SERVED  
THEIR **PURPOSE...**

BUT YOUR HIGHNESS... THEY  
WERE **DEVOTED** TO YOU... EVEN  
AS THE **HOLY MAN** WHO GAVE  
UP HIS LIFE FOR YOU IN  
THE **DUNGEON...**

IT MATTERS NOT TO **ME** HOW  
MUCH THEIR DEDICATION WAS...  
IT MAKES THEM **FOOLS** TO BE  
SO EASILY TAKEN **ADVANTAGE**  
OF...

AND THE PRIEST WHO  
GAVE UP HIS **LIFE**?...

AND THE PRIEST  
TOO--PERHAPS  
HE PLAYED THE **FOOL**  
MORE THAN THE  
**OTHERS...** TO  
SHORTEN HIS LIFE BY  
EVEN A **MOMENT** FOR  
ANOTHER MAN...

ARE YOU **SO**  
**DECEITFUL** THAT  
YOU WOULD BETRAY  
EVEN **GOD**?

...THAT NOISE...  
FROM ABOVE... A  
**VOICE FROM THE**  
**TURRET!**

...**IDIOCY...** HE  
DESERVED HIS  
**POINTLESS DEATH!**

THANK DEAR  
**GOD** YOU'RE  
STILL ALIVE **DEAR**  
**WALTER...**

**QUEEN ANNE...**

...HOW DID YOU  
**KNOW...** IT WAS  
MY **SHIP**?

BECAUSE IT WAS  
I WHO BROUGHT YOU  
TO THIS **NEAR-DEATH**  
WALTER... EVEN AS IT  
WAS **MY DOING** YOU  
WERE **DEFEATED**  
IN **BATTLE!**



BUT HOW  
ANNE...  
HOW?...

I WANTED REVENGE...  
MADE A COVENANT  
WITH LUCIFER...A  
BARGAIN FOR YOUR  
LANDS AND WEALTH

TO BE  
TAKEN  
FROM  
YOU...

...EVEN  
AS YOU TOOK  
MINE!

BUT WHY ARE YOU  
REPENTANT NOW...  
I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...

I WAS  
MAD--  
MAD  
WALTER!

...I LOVED YOU...  
EVEN AS I LOVE YOU NOW  
...I SAW THE ANGUISH IN  
YOUR FACE WHEN I DREAMED  
...I BEGGED THEM TO  
STOP WHAT I HAD  
STARTED...

...AND I FOUGHT  
THEM... FOUGHT THEM  
WITH ALL MY  
STRENGTH... FOUGHT  
THEM FOR YOUR  
LOVE WALTER...

WE ARE RE-UNITED  
NOW ANNE... AND IF YOU  
WILL STILL HAVE ME  
I AM YOURS...

I YEARN FOR  
YOUR ARMS AROUND  
ME MY LEIGE... LET  
THE WEDDING BE  
TONIGHT THAT  
TONIGHT MAY BE

FIRST  
NIGHT OF  
MARRIAGE...

THEN READY  
YOURSELF... YOUR WEDDING  
GOWN AND VEILS... FOR I  
WILL SOON BE WITHIN  
THOSE NOW-SACRED  
WALLS SWEET ANNE...

...ACCOMPANIED BY A  
PRIEST WHO WILL GIVE  
GOD'S BLESSING  
TO US...

WITHIN THE HOUR A **BLACK CEREMONY** TAKES PLACE  
WITHIN THE **BLACK WALLS** OF CASTLE LE MONTE SAINT-  
SADE--A **BLACK CEREMONY**  
WHEREIN THE **BRIDE** IS  
MOCKINGLY DRESSED IN  
**WHITE**...

EGO CONJUNGO VOS  
IN **MATRIMONIUM**,  
IN NOMINE PATRIS,  
ET FILII- ET  
SPIRITUS SANCTI...

AND WHEN THE BRIDE LIFTS  
HER VEIL THERE IS A **GASP**  
OF HORROR FROM THE  
PRIEST AND THE KING... AND  
A **HIDEOUS LAUGH OF**  
HORROR FROM THE  
BRIDE...

NOW MY REVENGE IS **COMPLETE** MY  
HUSBAND... HOW I HATE YOU... **DESPISE**  
YOU... FOR **ROBBING ME** OF MY LAND...  
MY TITLE...  
NOW MY  
FACE...

...FOR THIS--  
THIS, WALTER, IS  
THE **PRICE** I HAD  
TO PAY **LUCIFER**  
FOR MY  
REVENGE!

AH-- BUT OUR TALE IS NOT YET OVER!

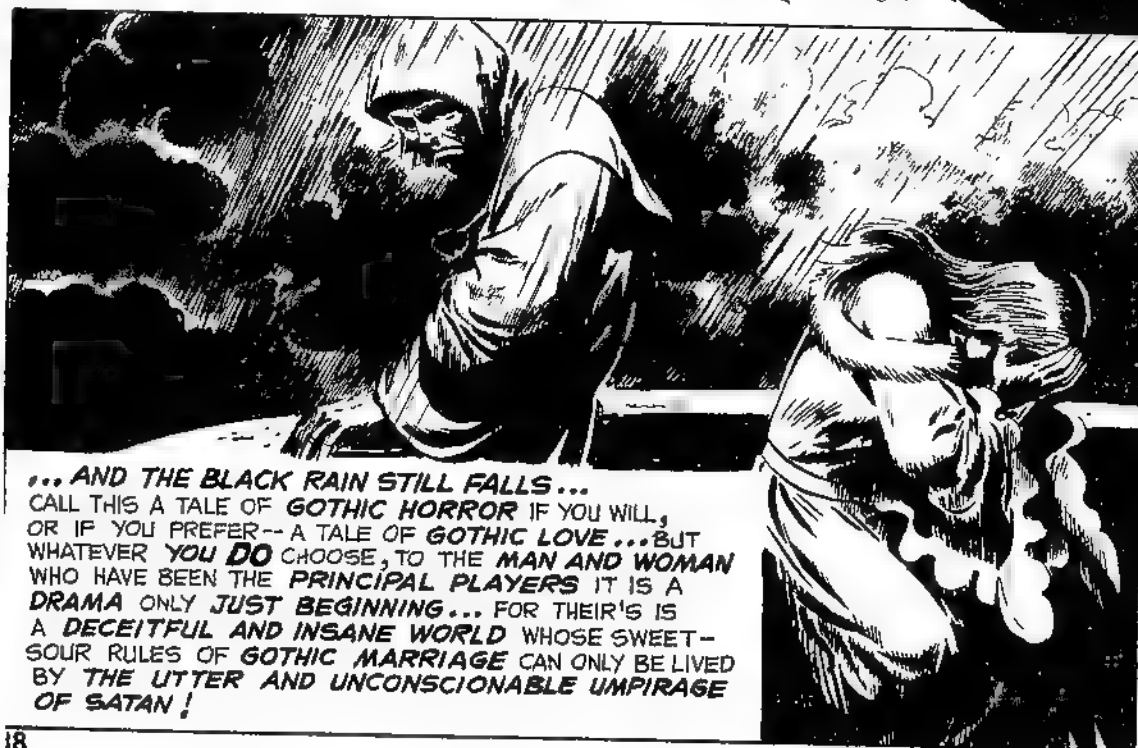
EEEEEEAAA AAAUUUUHHHH!



YOUR BLACK SPELLS HAVE WORKED **BETTER** THAN YOU COULD KNOW FROM **AFAR** MY QUEEN... SEE WHAT YOUR **DEMONS** HAVE **DONE TO ME**? SEE WHAT **HORRORS** THEY DID TO ME WHILE I WAS **HELD WITHIN MY OWN DUNGEONS**...

...SEE WHAT THEY LEFT OF ME... ONLY MY **FACE**, SWEET ANNE!

...EVEN **SATAN** MUST HAVE A **GRAND** SENSE OF HUMOR... MATCHING US UP LIKE **THIS**... **THE PERFECT COUPLE**...



... AND THE **BLACK RAIN** STILL FALLS... CALL THIS A TALE OF **GOthic HORROR** IF YOU WILL, OR IF YOU PREFER-- A TALE OF **GOthic LOVE**... BUT WHATEVER **YOU DO** CHOOSE, TO THE **MAN AND WOMAN** WHO HAVE BEEN THE **PRINCIPAL PLAYERS** IT IS A **DRAMA** ONLY JUST BEGINNING... FOR THEIR'S IS A **DECEITFUL AND INSANE WORLD** WHOSE SWEET-SOUR RULES OF **GOthic MARRIAGE** CAN ONLY BE LIVED BY THE **UTTER AND UNCONSCIONABLE UMPIRAGE OF SATAN**!



IT LIES **HIDDEN** FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD... THIS **TOWN**... THIS **HOUSE**... LIES HIDDEN WITHIN A CLUMP OF TWISTED, SNARLING **TREES** TOO **ASHAMED** TO STAND TALL... IT **GROANS** EVERY SO OFTEN, AND **SHAKES** AND **CREAKS** -- AND IT HAS A **STORY** -- THE **STORY** OF...

# THE FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE OF WOODDOOOO

EVERY FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE HAS ITS OWN FILTHY LITTLE STORY... THIS ONE IS PERHAPS STRANGER THAN **MOST** -- FOR STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN WITHIN ITS **HELLWROUGHT DOORS**-- STRANGE THINGS THAT OVER THE **YEARS** HAVE MADE IT A HOUSE TO BE **FEARED**... BUT WE'RE GETTING **AHEAD** OF OURSELVES... FOR OUR STORY STARTS LONG BEFORE THIS **MACABRE** SCENE...



DEAR GOD --  
IT'S COME ALIVE --  
THE THING IN THE  
PAINTING IS  
ALIVE CHOKING  
ME -- KILLING  
ME!!

HUSH CHILD --  
IF YOU QUIET YOURSELF  
YOU WILL QUICKLY FIND  
YOURSELF FREE OF MY  
TWISTING FINGERS...

...BUT NOT MY  
ABSOLUTE  
POWER!

IT STARTS IN A DESERT ON THE **UNDERSIDE** OF THE WORLD... THE **AUSTRALIAN BADLANDS**... WHERE TWO YOUNG GIRLS GROPING FOR A **MEANING TO LIFE... INSTEAD FIND...**

**A TOWN!**

A TOWN? -- THERE'S **NO TOWN** ON THE **MAP**-- WE MUST BE **REALLY LOST**...



THIS PLACE IS **WEIRD** -- LOOK AT ALL THE **OLD PEOPLE**...

THERE'S NOT ANYBODY UNDER **SEVENTY** IN SIGHT...



THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE **CREEPS**...

GIVES **ME** THE **CREEPS** TOO -- BUT WE'VE GOT TO REST **SOMEWHERE** A COUPLA DAYS...

... CAN'T DRIVE IN THE DESERT **ENDLESSLY**-- WE'RE SEEKERS OF THE **TRUTH**, REMEMBER?-- WELL WE'VE FOUND **SOMETHING**...

... IT MAY NOT BE **MUCH** BUT...



EXCUSE ME ... SIR ... SIR? WE'RE LOOKING FOR A **HOTEL** -- A **ROOM** SOMEWHERE...

...WHAT'S THE **MATTER** WITH **HIM**-- THE **EXPRESSION** ON HIS FACE...



NEVER MIND HIS FACE **LINDA**-- HIS **EYES**--LOOK AT HIS **EYES**... **BLANK!**

EVERYBODY IS THE **SAME**...

LOOK AT THAT **COUPLE** -- SITTING LIKE A COUPLA **ZOMBIES**... PLAYING WITH **DOLLS**...













MY WORDLY POSSESSIONS -- GOTTA GET THESE -- CAN'T LEAVE THESE BEHIND NO MATTER WHAT!

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE JULIE -- HURRY UP...

FIGHT IT... FIGHT IT...

WE'LL HELP ME... DON'T JUST STAND THERE...

AAAAHHHHHHHEEEEEAAAAHHHHH!



... CAN'T BREATHE... CHOKING ME...

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING... IT'S ALL A NIGHTMARE!

THE WHOLE WALL... MOVING... IT'S NOT JUST THE PAINTING... THE WHOLE WALL IS TWISTING...

NOW YOU WILL COME... TO JOIN US?

MY GOD THE PAINTING TALKED...

WILL YOU NOT JOIN US... WE NEED YOU TO JOIN US!

JOIN YOU... WHAT DO YOU MEAN?... WHAT DO YOU MEAN FOR GOD'S SAKE?...

WE HAVE A NEED FOR THE LIKES OF YOU...



THE PAINTING...  
LINDA... THE WHOLE  
WALL IS THE PAINTING  
... IT'S ALIVE!...

MAD AS IT MIGHT SEEM -- THERE  
IS A DESIGN TO THIS MADNESS...

EVEN AS THE THING IN  
THE PAINTING HAS  
**BECOME** THE ROOM  
... SO NOW IT AWFULLY  
**SHUNTS** THE TERRIFIED  
GIRLS LIKE SOME  
**DEPRAVED NIGHTMARE..**  
... **PUSHES THEM...**  
**LIKE PUTTY!**

NOW AS THIS LIVING, FILTHY  
LITTLE HOUSE BLOCKS OFF ALL  
MANNER OF POSSIBLE **EXIT**  
THERE IS **NOTHING** FOR THE  
GIRLS TO **SAY...**

...NOTHING FOR THEM TO **DO**  
... SAVE HOLD THEIR **HEARTS** IN  
THEIR **MOUTHS...** **GINGERLY...**  
FOR LIFE AND **SANITY** IS AT  
STAKE! THE WALLS OF THE CELLAR  
**PUSH** AND **SHOVE THEM...**  
SNAKE-LIKE THINGS **WRAP** THEIR  
TENDER YOUNG BODIES IN A GRIP  
OF MENACING **DEATH...**







... AND THEN **OPEN...**

... INTO A DEN OF SPONGY, SIPPING MUD  
'NEATH THE EARTH WHERE CREATURES ONCE  
UPON A TIME KNOWN AS HUMANS MUTTER  
SENSELESS DRIVEL ON THE R KNEES...



THE THING...  
IN THE  
PAINTING...

THE HOUSE  
HAS MATERIALIZED  
BACK INTO THE  
THING...



TELL US -- FOR GOD'S SAKE TELL  
US -- WHAT IS GOING ON HERE...

... WE HEARD  
SOMEONE SPEAK OF  
**VOODOO** --  
WE NOTICED THE  
**DOLLS**...

MY GOD... HE'S  
**CRUMBLING**...

...IS...  
**VOODOO**...

YOU SHOOK  
HIM TOO HARD  
JULIE -- HE WAS  
TOO OLD...  
**TOO FRAIL!**



**SPEAK THING...  
SPEAK** -- TELL US  
WHAT THIS ALL CAN  
**MEAN!**

IN BIDDING YOU  
**WELCOME**... I TELL YOU  
WHAT YOU **NEED** TO  
KNOW...

...I AM OF AN OLD,  
INDEED AN ANCIENT,  
RACE...

...OF **PARASITES!**

I TAKE ANY  
FORM I WISH --  
THE FORM OF THE  
PAINTING -- OR AS  
I SO OFTEN CHOOSE  
... OF NOTHINGNESS...

...BUT **MORE THAN NOT**  
... MY FORM IS THAT OF THE  
HOUSE ITSELF!...

BUT THE  
VOODOO --  
WHAT IS THE  
VOODOO?...



WHAT IS THE VOODOO?...  
WHY, I AM THE VOODOO...

...EVEN AS YOU HUMANS HAVE  
NAMES... SO DO WE ANCIENT  
ONES...

...AND MY NAME IS...

...VOODOO!

VOODOO BIDS WARM PARASITICAL WELCOME  
TO THE NEWCOMERS... YOU SEE HOW EVEN  
ALREADY THE GIRLS BEGIN TO CHANGE... AS  
THEIR ENERGY-- THEIR VERY LIFE IS  
**SUCKED FROM THEM?**

... SOON THEY TOO WILL BE PLAYING WITH THE  
DOLLS!

OH, THE DOLLS, YOU WANT TO KNOW OF THE  
DOLLS-- WHY THE DOLLS ARE SO IMPORTANT  
TO THE VILLAGERS?

DOLLS ARE VERY IMPORTANT... TO OLD, SENILE  
PEOPLE... IF YOU WERE 300 HUNDRED YEARS  
OLD...

... YOU TOO WOULD PLAY WITH DOLLS...  
... IN THE FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE OF...

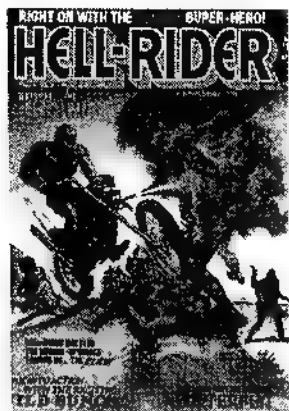
...VOODOO...



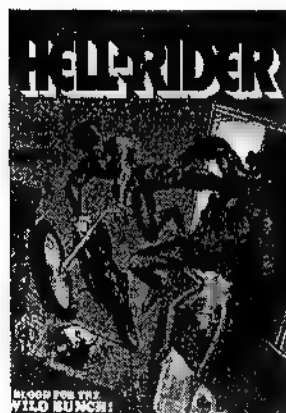
The encyclopedic word  
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... and the word for the first and second issues of this explosive bike trip into the turvy world of Brick Reese... superhero, radical, crime-fighter... is **RARE**... These issues are SO rare they are already **COLLECTOR'S ITEMS** in the graphic story libraries of fandom...

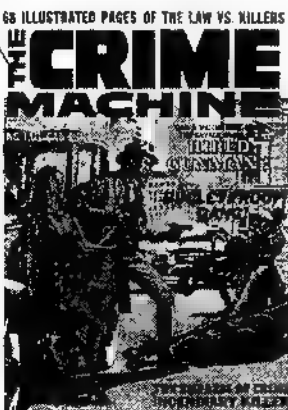
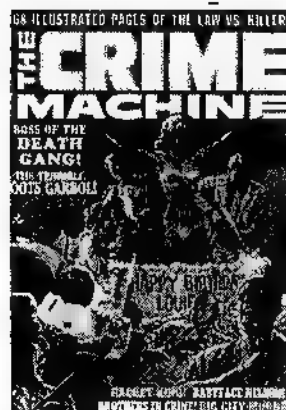


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**You can get them now... tomorrow... honestly, may be TOO LATE...**

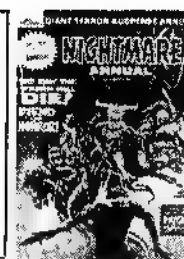
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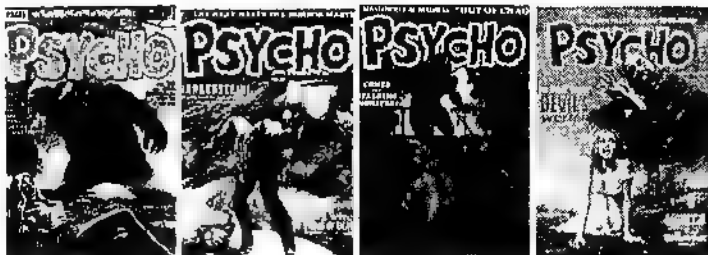
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Inside **NIGHTMARE** and **PSYCHO** there is a lurking **THING** that grabs hold of your almighty anonymous all and twists it... bends it... possesses your **MIND**... but you already **KNOW** that don't you... the pen **SHAKES** in your hand... your brain is trembling... but do it **NOW**... make that order **NOW** — because tomorrow you may be too late, and you will simply shudder and collapse into chaos...



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We make you fair warning, chronicle collector, these farfetched freak-fantasies are selling **FAST**... To keep your collection complete send in the creeping cash **NOW** for these...

**FEAR-FRACTURED  
BACK-ISSUES!**

# BAD CHOKE

FOR A WHILE THE GRAVEYARD WAS QUIET, SAVE FOR THE WHISTLING WIND AND THE WHOOTING OF AN OWL. THEN CAME THE SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS, QUIETLY THUMPING ALONG THE DRY EARTH ... AND THE SOUNDS OF TWO POUNDING HEARTS...



I TELL YOU I DON'T LIKE THIS, GREEN! I DON'T LIKE IT AT ALL!

SHUT UP! I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU KEEP MOANING LIKE A SCARED BRAT!

THEN WHAT IS IT, LANGLEY? YOU'VE DONE MANY JOBS WITH ME BEFORE... ROBBERY, KIDNAPPING, EVEN **MURDER!** YOU NEVER PANICKED BEFORE!

THE CARETAKER WILL BE *OUT* FOR HOURS!



IT AIN'T *HIM* THAT I'M WORRYIN' ABOUT!

YEAH, I KNOW. BUT THAT'S CAUSE WE NEVER DID ANYTHIN' LIKE THIS BEFORE! I MIGHTA KILLED AND STOLE ... BUT NOBODY COULD EVER CALL ME A GRAVE ROBBIN' *GHOUL!*



Take a trip thru the choking tombs with JUEZ XIRINIUS and DONGLUT!



GREEN'S EYES FLARED WITH A MAD FIRE LANGLEY HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE...



B-BUT--

LOOK!  
THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! THE DEAD ARE DEAD AND **STAY** DEAD! AND THE DEAD ARE BURIED WITH VALUABLE RINGS AND GOLD FILLINGS AND ALL KINDSA STUFF THAT'LL KEEP US RICH FOR A GOOD 'N' LONG TIME!



NO **BUTS** ABOUT IT! WE'RE COMPLETELY SAFE HERE! AND YOU'RE GONNA START DIGGING AT THIS HERE GRAVE... UNLESS YOU'D PREFER MY SHOVEL BURIED IN YOUR NECK INSTEAD OF THE DIRT!

NO, NO, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I'LL D-D-DO IT-TT-TT!

THEY BOTH DUG. THE GRAVE WAS NEW AND THE EARTH WAS EASILY VIOLATED. AT LAST THEIR SHOVELS STRUCK SOMETHING SOLID...



W-WE'VE... HIT THE COFFIN LID!

WE'LL HAVE TO PRY IT OPEN!



THE TWO MEN-- ONE ANXIOUS, THE OTHER SHIVERING IN HIS CLOTHES -- USED THEIR IMPLEMENTS TO PRY OPEN THE TOP OF THE CASKET.

HE... HE LOOKS FAMILIAR!

== GASP! ==  
WORSE THAN THAT! THIS GRAVE IS **CURSED!** AND FOR VIOLATING IT, WE ARE **CURSED!**

IT'S THE CORPSE OF **MAD KIRK KARSTENS**... A **STRANGLER** WHO CHOKED TO DEATH HIS WIFE AND FOUR CHILDREN! THE STATE EXECUTED H.M!

SO WHAT?! LOOK AT THAT **DIAMOND** ON HIS FINGER! LOOKS LIKE WE TRIED TO TAKE IT WITH HIM!



WELL, TONIGHT I'M TAKING IT WITH **ME!** AND I'LL BET HIS UGLY MOUTH IS **FILLED** WITH GOLD TEETH JUST WAITING FOR US!

THERE WAS NO TIME TO EXTRACT GOLD FILLINGS. SUDDENLY...



THERE THEY ARE! GRAVE-ROBBERS!

STOP WHERE YOU ARE!

DISCOVERED ON OUR FIRST JOB! WE'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT!

THERE WERE MANY CONCEALING SHADOWS...AND GRAVESTONES TO BLOCK BULLETS...



BLAMMM!  
BLAMMM!

ZNNNGGG!

WE MADE IT!

HURRY TO THE HOTEL!

THE TWO GRAVEROBBERS HAD ESCAPED. SOON, BACK AT THEIR CHEAP HOTEL...



TOO BAD WE WERE SUCH FLOPS FIRST TIME OUT, LANGLEY. BUT AT LEAST WE GOT SOMETHING. SINCE I TOOK THIS RING... I'LL KEEP IT MYSELF.

IT'LL LOOK NICE ON MY FINGER. A REAL DIAMOND ON OLD GREEN'S FINGER! THAT'S A LAUGH!



NO, DON'T PUT IT ON! IT'S CURSED BY MAD KIRK KARSTENS!

NONSENSE! HMMM... IT'S A TIGHT FIT, ALL RIGHT! HEY! I CAN'T GET THE DAMN THING OFF!

I WARNED YOU!

AND YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT! I DON'T WANT ANYMORE OF CORPSES AND GRAVES!

IT'S LIKE SOME FORCE IS HOLDING IT ON AND... GOOD LORD!!!





WHAT'S WRONG?  
WHY ARE YOU SHAKIN'  
LIKE THAT?!

DON'T  
YOU SEE IT ?  
DON'T  
YOU SEE...



IT'S H.M... AND  
HE WANTS THIS...  
AND I CAN'T GET  
IT OFF! LANGLEY...  
HELP ME! DO  
SOMETHING!



...HIM!? IT'S **MAD**  
**KIRK KARSTENS!**  
**HERE TO GET HIS**  
**RING BACK!**

I... I DON'T  
SEE NO ONE!  
NOTHIN'!



H-HOW CAN I... DO SOMETHING  
AGAINST SOMETHIN' I CAN'T  
SEE? SOMETHIN' THAT  
**AIN'T THERE!**

FOR  
GOD'S SAKE,  
LANGLEY,  
HE'S COMING  
FOR ME!



IT AIN'T  
REAL, I TELL YOU!  
IT'S ALL IN **YOUR**  
**MIND!** IT'S NOT  
REALLY THERE!



SUDDENLY GREEN STOPPED  
SHRIEKING. GRABBING HIS  
STOMACH, HE SEEMED TO  
BE ATTACKED BY SOME  
TERRIBLE PAIN...

**ARRGHHH...**

WHAT IS IT  
NOW? WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH  
YOU?





LANGLEY HAD NOT SEEN THE GHOST, PERHAPS IT WASN'T THERE, GREEN TRIED CONVINCING HIMSELF. STILL, THE TRANSPARENT FORM MOVED CLOSER TO H.M., GRINNING WITH THE ANTICIPATION OF THE KILL!



I'M TRYING TO GET IT OFF! I'M TRYING!



WHAT MORE C-CAN I D-DO?!!!



WHAT MORE...

CHOKKKEEAGRCH!

HE KILLED HIS FRIEND! AND THEN... SOMEHOW... HE **STRANGLERD HIMSELF!** HE MUSTA BEEN TOTALLY **INSANE!**

IN A HOTEL WITH PAPER-THIN WALLS, SUCH SCREAMING DID NOT GO UNNOTICED...



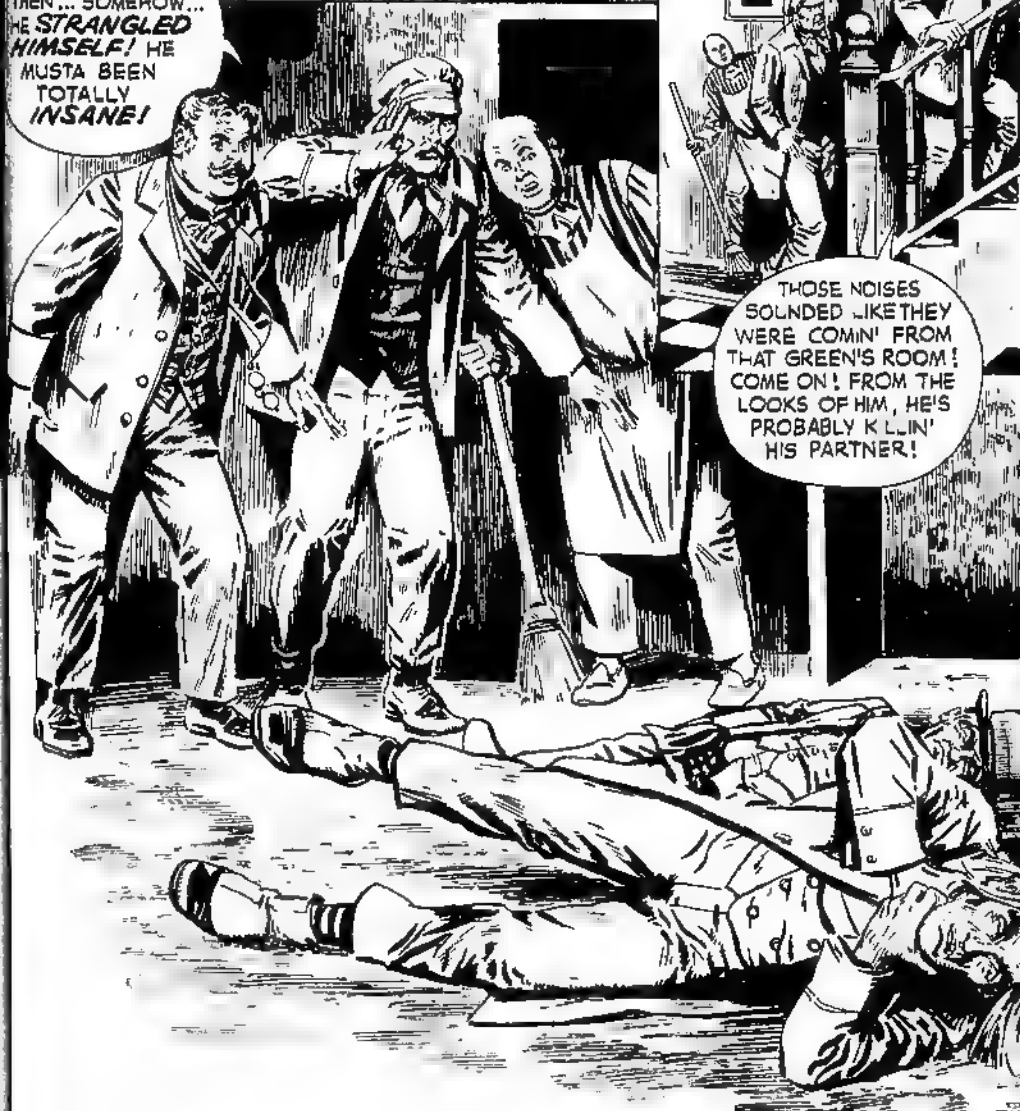
THOSE NOISES SOUNDED LIKE THEY WERE COMIN' FROM THAT GREEN'S ROOM! COME ON! FROM THE LOOKS OF HIM, HE'S PROBABLY KILLIN' HIS PARTNER!

THEY PUT THEIR COMBINED STRENGTH TO THE LOCKED DOOR. IT SLAMMED AGAINST THE WALL AND...



GASP! IT.. IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!

GOOD GOD! WILL YA LOOKIT THAT!



WAS GREEN INSANE? WAS LANGLEY RIGHT ABOUT THE GHOST BEING AN HALLUCINATION? PERHAPS. THEY SAY IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO STRANGLE ONESELF... IT WHAT IS POSSIBLE IN **THIS** WORLD OR **ANY** OTHER IS... NOT THE PROBLEM ANYMORE...

The END

original

# MOVIE POSTERS

"those fabulous years"

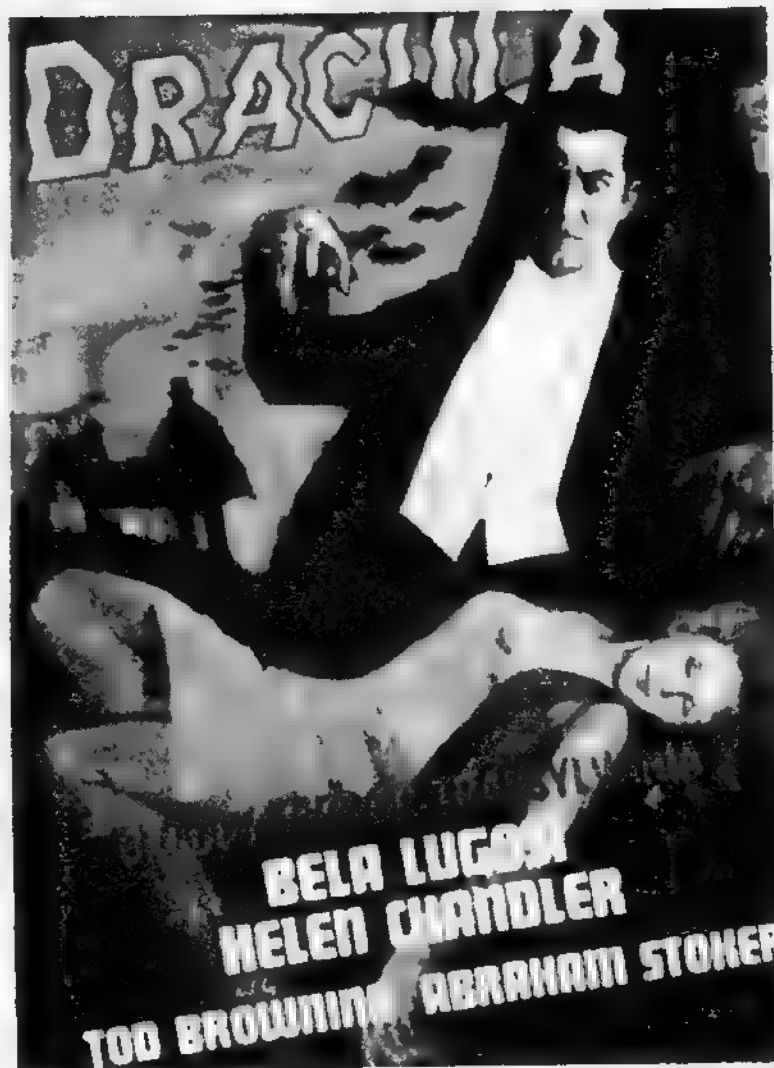
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An adventure in burning in sanity by ANDERSON and VILLANOVA

IT IS THE YEAR 1922 -- AN ARCHEOLOGICAL TEAM IS DIGGING IN THE SANDS OF CAIRO, EGYPT -- IN SEARCH OF THE TOMB OF PHARAOH RAMAHKEN...

...THE TEAM CONSISTS OF 3 ARCHEOLOGISTS - 2 MEN -- AND A WOMAN... AS YOU CAN SEE... AN UNUSUALLY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!

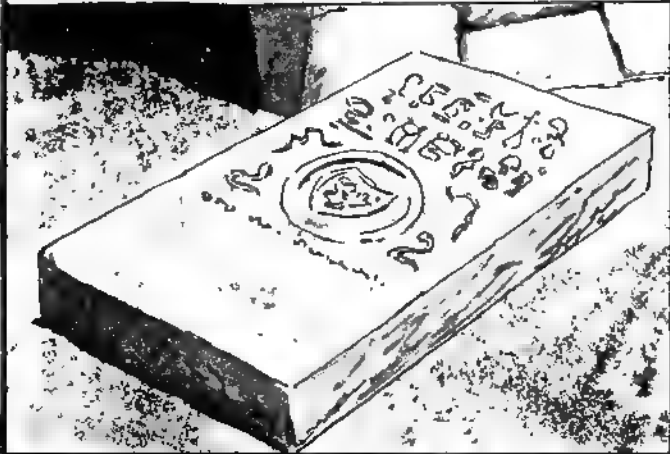


THEY HAVE BEEN DIGGING FOR OVER SEVEN MONTHS -- SCRAPING ENDLESS MOUNDS OF SAND ASIDE IN THEIR SEARCH FOR THE LAST REMAINING, UNDISCOVERED TOMB OF A PHARAOH -- THE 5 WORKERS EMPLOYED LOCALLY ARE TIRED... THEY WANT OUT... AND MORE THAN ONCE THERE IS NEAR REBELLION...

AUGUST 30 - 1922 -- THEY MAKE THEIR FIND...THE UNDERGROUND CRYPT OF THE PHARAOH--AND, IN THEIR HURRY... THEY FAIL TO NOTICE SOME HIEROGLYPHICS ON A TABLET NEAR THE ENTRANCE...



HIEROGLYPHICS THAT INDICATE A CURSE -- IF ANY MAN ENTER HE WILL SOON DIE -- DIE AS BEFITTING HIS CHARACTER...



-- AND SO STARTS OUR TALE --

# CITY OF CRYPTS

THE **LEADER** OF THE EXPEDITION IS THE MAN CALLED **JACOB ANDREWS**... HIS **ASSISTANT** IS **BASIL FIELDS**...AND THE **BEAUTIFUL WOMAN** IS **BERENICE**... A WOMAN AS BEAUTIFUL AS SHE IS, **NEEDS** NO LAST NAME...

THOSE **WORKERS** ARE CALLED... **THIEVES!**

AS SOON AS THEY ARE IN THE TOMB THEY BECOME GREEDY AND WANT **MORE** THAN WAS **BARGAINED** FOR...

**STOP... STOP...**  
WHAT ARE YOU **DOING...**  
HAVE YOU ALL GONE **MAD?**



MAD -- NO... NOT **MAD...** MERELY **HUNGRY** FOR THESE **TREASURES** -- THEY WILL BRING A **FORTUNE** IN THE **OPEN MARKET...**

PERHAPS -- BUT THEY'LL **NEVER** REACH THE **OPEN MARKET...**



**SLAM THE DOOR ON THEM -- THEY'LL SUFFOCATE** BEFORE LONG WITH **NO AIR...**  
...THEN THE **PHARAOH'S RANSOM** WILL BE **OURS ALONE!**

**TRAPPED -- IF WE DON'T FIND A SOURCE OF AIR** SOON WHAT LITTLE IS LEFT EVEN NOW WILL SOON **DISAPPEAR!**

THEN SEARCH FOR A **SOURCE...**  
**SEARCH!**



**POOOING!**

RUN **OUTSIDE...** WE'LL BE **KILLED!**

HERE... I'VE FOUND **SOMETHING...**

I **KNEW** WE WOULD -- THESE THINGS ALWAYS HAD AT LEAST **ONE** **ESCAPE ROUTE...**



STOP PRATTLING  
THAT **ROMANTIC DRIVEL**--  
WE'RE IN A SERIOUS  
SITUATION... IF THIS  
DOESN'T LEAD SOMEWHERE  
WE MAY **NEVER** GET OUT...

A FEW **THIEVES**  
CAN'T LESSEN THE  
MOMENT OF **EXCITEMENT**  
FOR ME... THIS **FIND** IS  
**TOO IMPORTANT**... IF YOU  
LOVED YOUR WORK AS  
MUCH AS I DO YOU'D...

STOP IT -- BOTH  
OF YOU -- I DON'T KNOW  
**WHERE** THIS LEADS -- BUT  
IT HAD BETTER LEAD TO  
A SOURCE OF **WATER**--

I'M  
**FILTHY**  
FROM THE  
GRIME OF  
**THOUSANDS**  
OF YEARS...

IT GETS **NARROW**  
HERE -- BEST LET **US** GO  
AHEAD BERENICE -- WE'LL  
COME BACK FOR YOU ONCE  
WE **TEST IT**... LOOKS  
PRETTY **WEAK**...

MY GOD BERENICE--  
AT A TIME LIKE THIS YOU  
HAVE TO... THINK OF HOW  
YOU **LOOK!**

IF EVER THE  
**OPPORTUNITY** PRESENTED  
ITSELF ANDREWS... THIS IS  
**IT!** HOW YOU CAN TALK THE  
WAY YOU DO... **SCORNFULLY**...  
ABOUT THE **WOMAN** I  
SECRETLY LOVE...

...YOU DESERVE  
NOTHING BUT  
**DEATH!**

MY GOD --WHAT  
ARE YOU... MY GOD  
**BASIL** THIS IS  
**MURDER**...

...AAAUUUGH!!!

THAT'S THE  
**END** OF IT--NOW  
THE **WOMAN** IS **MINE!**  
NO MORE **LIES**...  
**DECEPTION**-- NOW  
SHE'S **ONLY MINE!**



JACOB -- IS  
**DEAD... HORRIBLE --**  
THE **LEDGE** BENEATH  
HIM GAVE WAY...

HE LOST HIS  
**FOOTING!**

THE **ONLY** REASON I EVEN  
LOOKED AT YOU WAS OUT OF  
**SHEER BOREDOM... YOU**  
**AMUSED** ME...

... **SEVEN MONTHS** IN THIS  
DESERT **HOLE**...  
...WHAT DID YOU **EXPECT** ME  
TO DO...

**WHAT?...** NO **TEARS** WOMAN?  
--- I KNOW YOU DIDN'T **LOVE**  
HIM -- THAT YOU **LOVED** ME...  
...BUT **SURELY** A  
COUPLE OF **TEARS!**

**LOVE YOU -- YOU**  
**IDIOT!** I **LOVE** YOU AS  
MUCH AS I **LOVED** HIM...  
AND I **NEVER** **LOVED**  
HIM... I **HATED** HIM...

**ROT...** WHILE  
THAT **MORON** I WAS  
MARRIED TO PLAYED  
WITH HIS **BLOODY**  
**PRECIOUS** BITS OF  
...OF...

... **SAND** AND **FILTHY**  
**RELICS...**

WHY YOU **VAIN,**  
**POMPOUS...**

**HOLD!**

THE SEEMINGLY ENDLESS BICKERING IS  
SUDDENLY STILLED. THE WOMAN, BERENICE  
FANTS. BASIL FIELDS IS STRUCK AWFULLY,  
FRIGHTFULLY DUMB...

FOR WHAT CONFRONTS THESE TWO IN THE  
DPT BE NEATH THE SANDS OF EGYPT IS  
BEYOND WORDS...

THE SUB-HUMAN THINGS THAT HAVE NO  
ARMS AND BARELY DESCRIBABLE LEGS, AND  
EYES BURNING BLACK FROM THOUSANDS OF  
YEARS OF NEAR BLACKNESS... THESE SUB-  
HUMAN THINGS DO NOT OPEN WHAT PATHETIC  
CAVITIES ONLY A WRETCHED FEW ON THIS  
EARTH WOULD CALL A MOUTH... THEY HAVE  
NO NEED OF COMMUNICATION AT THIS  
MOMENT...

WHAT CAN BE SAID? WELCOME? DOUBTFUL  
IF THEY EVEN KNOW OF THE WORD. IT CAN ONLY BE  
SPOKEN IN CORRUPT, THIN, MAN JEST...

BUT IF THEY DID KNOW SUCH A MEANINGLESS  
WORD, THEY MIGHT USE IT TO SAY 'WELCOME...  
TO THE PLACE APTLY CALLED...  
CITY OF CRYPTS'...

THAT HOUR WAS ENDLESS FOR BASIL FIELDS... NOTHING TO DO BUT SIT AND STARE OUT A GAPING HOLE AT THE THINGS AS THEY CREPT PASSED...

...NOW WHEN THE BEAUTIFUL *BERENICE* WAKES... THE MISERY IS COMPOUNDED... FOR HER SCREAMS ECHO THROUGHOUT THE BLACK CITY AND FILL HIS EARS WITH EMACIATED FEAR...



...AND WHEN SHE BECOMES STILL... IT DOES NOT LAST... FOR THE INSANE BICKERING ONCE AGAIN STARTS...

HOW DO WE GET OUT OF HERE... HOW?

HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO KNOW...

...YOU THINK I HAVE ANY ANSWERS YOU DON'T...

WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT...

OH FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE... AND WHERE WILL WE RUN TO?

...BACK TO THE ENTRANCE? WHAT GOOD...

MAYBE NONE... YOU BLUEBRAINED IGNORAMOUS...

...BUT IT'S BETTER THAN SITTING HERE WAITING FOR THOSE... FILTHY CREATURES TO KILL US...

HOLD -- WHERE DO YOU GO? -- YOU BELONG TO ME...







YOU ARE MINE--  
YOU BELONG TO  
ME--AS SPAWN  
OF OUR TRIBE IT  
IS MY DUTY...

MY GOD...  
WHAT...

DUTY  
TO DO  
WHAT...

TO PRODUCE  
YOUNG-- IT IS MY  
DUTY TO PRODUCE  
YOUNG...

...YOU CAN'T MEAN  
IT...YOU CAN'T... IT  
DOESN'T MAKE SENSE...  
HOW CAN I...



YOU... YOU WILL SERVE  
AS ENERGY FOR MY MATE... AS  
FOOD YOU SEEM BETTER THAN  
THE SCRAWNY THINGS FOUND  
HERE... AS FOOD YOU WILL  
SERVE WELL...

AAAAUUHHH!

THE SIGN...  
THE SIGN...

AAAAUUUGH!!

IT IS THE  
PRINCESS...  
THE MASTER'S  
DAUGHTER...

WHAT ABOUT ME  
... AM I TO BE FOOD  
TOO... WHO WILL I  
BE FED TO...

TO US  
ALL...

IT'S A BIRTHMARK...  
THAT IS ALL... A MERE  
BIRTHMARK...

NEVERTHELESS...

YOU ARE TO BE JOINED  
WITH OUR LORD AND MASTER  
PHARAOH RAMAKHEN!

HE'S... HE'S  
ALIVE?



WHAT IS *LIVING* AND WHAT IS  
DEAD IN *THIS PLACE* IS OF NO  
CONSEQUENCE...

...NOW...COME TO JOIN YOUR MASTER!

WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN?...



THIS... IS  
WHAT WE  
MEAN...

EEEEAAAAA



THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN **RUNS...** RUNS AS HER LITTLE **LEGS** HAVE **NEVER** CARRIED HER...**RUNS AND RUNS...**

...AND AS SHE **RUNS...** AND **SCREAMS...** **BEHIND HER** SLOWLY CRAWL THE **THINGS...** SLIDING THROUGH THE **DRIED MUD** THAT IS THEIR **HOME...** BUT **THEY** DO NOT SCREAM... WHAT WOULD BE THE **PURPOSE** ... THEY ARE THE **HUNTERS...** NOT THE **HUNTED...**

EEEEAAAAA



... SHE SLAMS THE **COVER** ON THE **EVIL HOLE...** **PRAYING...** PRAYING PRAYERS TO EVERY DEITY **KNOWN TO HER** THAT THEY DON'T KNOW THE **WAY...** THAT **SOMEHOW...** SOME WAY THERE MUST BE AN **ESCAPE...**



THROUGH THE ENDLESS **CORRIDORS...** AWAY FROM THAT DEPRAVED SCENE WHICH NOW **CUTS INTO** HER **MIND** AND MAKES HER SHRIEK **LOUDER...LOUDER...**

THE **WORKERS...** ALL **DEAD...** THEY LOOK **SUFFOCATED...** HALF COVERED BY **SAND...** MUST HAVE BEEN A **SAND STORM...**



THE DOOR... IS OPEN...



WHAT'S THIS... **HIEROGLYPHICS...**



...IF ANY MAN...ENTER...  
HE WILL SOON...DIE...AS  
BEFITTING HIS...  
CHARACTER...

A CURSE...NO ONE SAW IT...

...BUT IT'S COME TRUE...

THE WORKERS TRIED TO SUFFOCATE US...  
THEY DIED FROM SUFFOCATION IN THE  
DUST STORM...

MY HUSBAND...  
JACOB... WILL REMAIN  
FOREVER IN THE TOMB  
HE SO LOVED...

...AND BASIL...  
A MAN WHO WANTED  
LOVE SO MUCH...  
...DIED IN THE  
CAUSE OF LOVE...

...BUT WHAT  
ABOUT ME... WHY  
AM I NOT DEAD...

ENTRANCE

YOU ARE AS GOOD AS DEAD... LOOK AT  
YOURSELF VAIN WOMAN...



IF YOU EVER MAKE IT BACK TO CAIRO JUST TAKE A LOOK AT  
YOURSELF... YOU'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD...  
...AS BEFITTING YOUR CHARACTER...

THE  
END

# THE PSYCHO AND NIGHTMARE ANNUALS

IF THE WORD HORROR MEANS ANYTHING TO YOU THEN SKYWALD'S PSYCHO AND NIGHTMARE ANNUALS WILL RIP ALL VESTIGE OF MEANING FROM YOUR MIND — ALL MANNER OF MAD, MANIACAL MOCKING REASON . . . BECAUSE THEY ARE THE EPITOME OF SHEER IMAGE-WROUGHT TERROR!

LET YOUR BRAIN-STRINGS GRAB ONTO:

'LUCIFER AWAITS YOU'

'THE DAY THE EARTH WILL DIE'

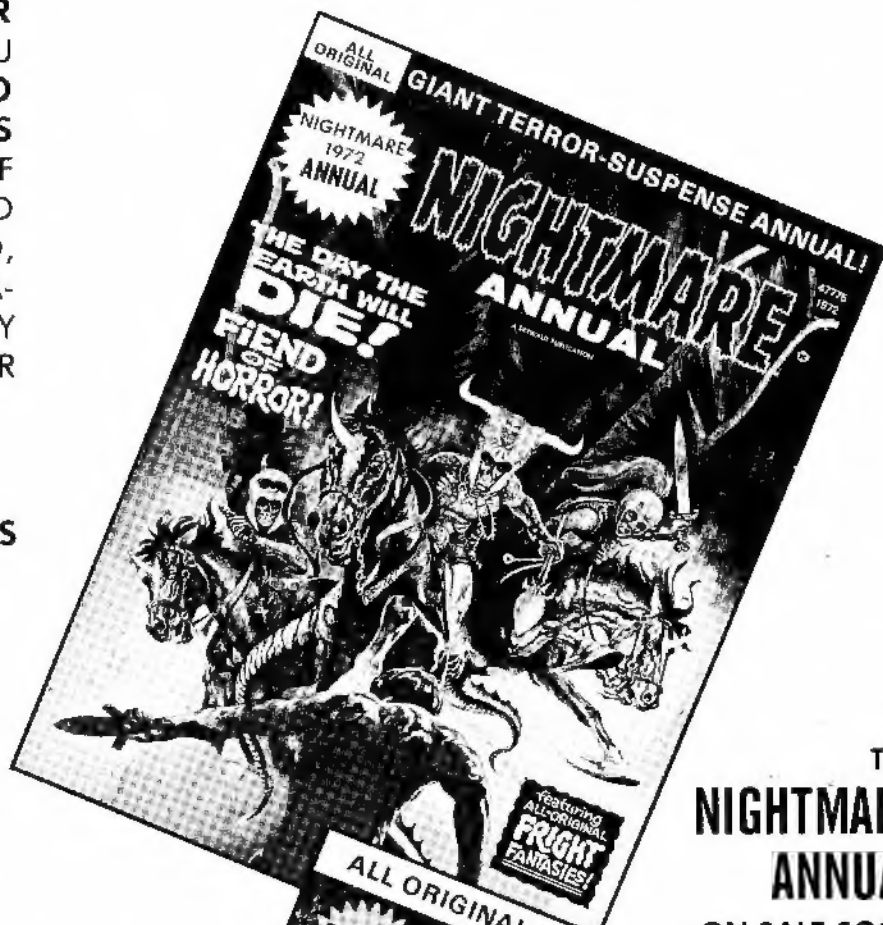
'FURNACE OF HELL'

'BURN, BABY, BURN!'

AND  
'BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT'...

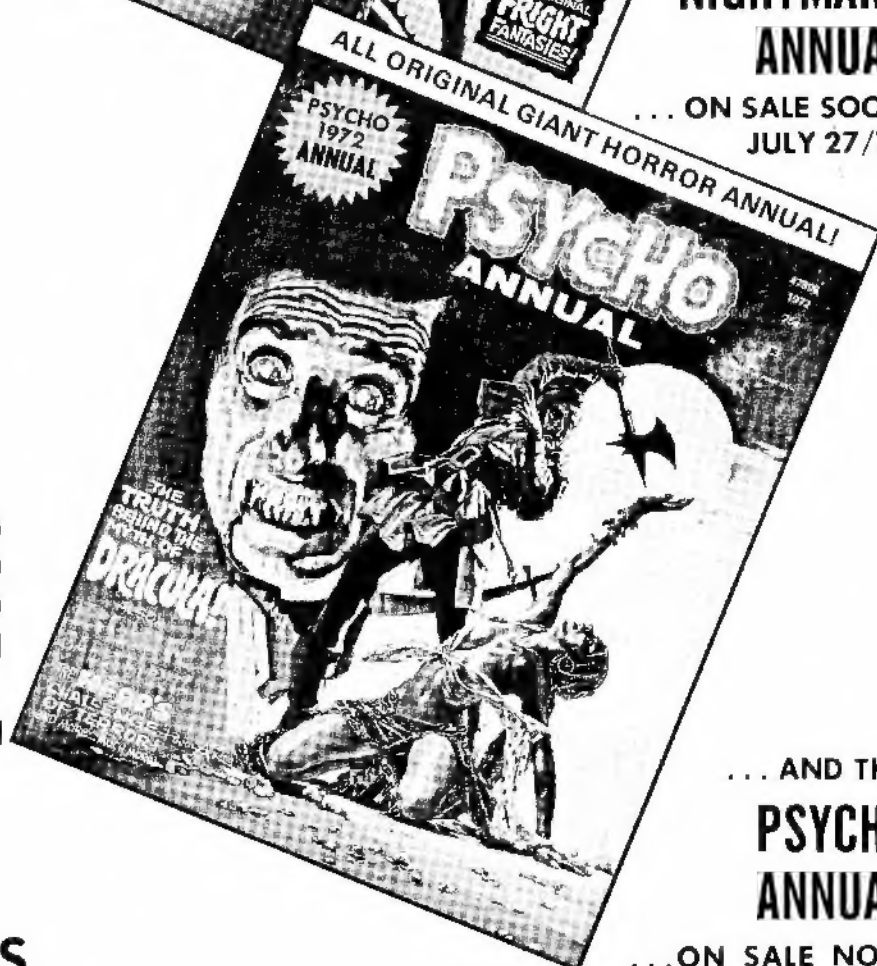
IN WHICH AN ASTOUNDING GROUP OF OTHER-WORLD SPAWNED OFFSPRING BID YOU BIZARRE TIDINGS ON THEIR BIRTHDAY MORN . . . FEAST YOUR IMAGINATION IN . . .

**THE FIRST  
ALL-ORIGINAL  
HORROR ANNUALS  
EVER!**



THE  
**NIGHTMARE  
ANNUAL**

... ON SALE SOON  
JULY 27/72



... AND THE  
**PSYCHO  
ANNUAL**

... ON SALE NOW  
JUNE 29/72



